

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 21

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin



A joint publication by the Ministry of Culture
and Tourism of the Republic of Turkey and
Echo Publications

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Volume 21

Hezec Mahbun Matviyy

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rûmî

Translated by
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Echo Publications
28 S. Norfolk Street
San Mateo, CA 94401
USA

Dîvân-i Kebîr

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ISBN:1-887991-23-9

**First Printing 2003
in the United States of America
in a joint publication
by
Turkish Republic
Ministry of Culture and Tourism**

**ISBN: 975-17-3092-9
975-17-1505-9 (set)**

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Introduction

Knowingly or unknowingly, we sense the existence of individuals who guide us with calls that carry warm messages. Although some of them were the luminaries of their time, few among them were able to leap over the centuries to steer and enrich humanity. Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi is one of the foremost front runners of these few. He has been inviting everyone without discrimination of race, gender, color, or faith to goodness, truth and beauty.

His invitation, which is symbolized by his call "Come," keeps guiding hundreds of thousands who can't get themselves out of wars, stress, and lack of communication. It is not by chance that among the web pages, the ones that carry his name are some of the most popular ones.

He was a torch that illuminated the East for centuries. Extraordinary achievements in our time in communication give the West the possibility to discover him. I believe that in the coming years, interest for Mevlana will grow not only with intellectuals, but it will spread throughout large segments of the population. The interest in Mevlana will first of all affect Cinema and the rest of the branches of the fine arts.

As a Ministry of Culture and Tourism, we are involved in an intense effort to present Mevlana to the world. With that aim, we support the English translation of his works, and try to help other cultures recognize him. I believe his inspiration of mature love of humanity, peace and tolerance will reach a much larger population, and that his light will keep leading humanity.

Erkan MUMCU
Minister of Culture and Tourism
Republic of Turkey

Translator's Note

Mevlana is the strongest unifying power in our badly divided world. Centuries old problems have reached the most dangerous level, and are asking for an urgent solution. Millions are looking at each other as an enemy rather than as one of the same of God's creatures. It is difficult to expect much from old self-serving systems and technologies. Those are partially responsible for that division. Blind riders with a blind horse are not only a danger to themselves, but also a serious threat to their surroundings.

Then Mevlana comes in with unity, love, tolerance, and unselfishness. He shows us where the problem is, and how to solve it. This is the reason for his surging popularity.

"Self" is the big curse of mankind. Who could show a better way out of this curse than Mevlana?

*I come to you without me.
Come to me, without you.
Self is the thorn in the sole of the soul.
There is no bigger enemy
For you than yourself.
Come, get out of yourself.
Merge with others.
If you stay in self,
You are a grain,
You are a drop.
If you merge with others,
You are an ocean. You are a mine.*

--Mevlana Celaleddin Rumi

I would like to express my special gratitude to Mrs. Vicki Barefoot-Gersh for her saintly patience and endless energy in preparing the manuscript in a very short time.

I am grateful for the help I received from the Ministry of Culture and Tourism of Turkey, Mr. Latif Mutlu, Edmond Gorginian, Cengiz Ergin, Alex Alexander and Brad Gersh. Without their support, this book wouldn't be in existence.

Nevit O. Ergin

1.

Verse 1

*L*ook at the full moon,
Came from the seventh layer of sky,
Illuminated our ruined home.

Since you brought the morning,
Take off the sleep from our eyes.
Give water to the thirsty.
Love carried away our water
And torrent.

Blood is dripping from the sword of your love.
Everywhere is full of blood.
The smell of our burned heart
Fills the air.

You called the most expensive sugar
Cheap and worthless.
How could you hear our answers
If you indulge in your pleasure?

How come you have a sour look on your face?
Isn't your wine pure and clean?
Drink another glass from our wine
Just for testing.

The world became entangled because of
Our veiled beauty.
O my God, what would lovers do
On the day of Union?

Lovers showed their faces from
Tebriz of our Shamseddin.
Thousands of cheers to our Moon
And our Sun.

2.

Verse 8

You are the life. You are the joy.
Life without You is like death.
Because You are the sun,
Everything freezes without You.

The people in this earth are
Like the dice in Your hand.
It is up to You to lose or win the game.

“Why are you breathing hard on me?”
He asked. “I am the One who gave the breath.
I know when you breathe.”

I prostrated in front of Him. I became like a camel.
He smiled, softly said,
“O long neck one,

“What do you want?
You stretched your neck,
Do you want to eat cotton?”¹

3.

Verse 13

How nice to converse with his lips
About old stories,
Especially if he opens the door and says,
“Hodja, come in.”

His talks are like fountains of life for the dry lips,
Tailor of his love, cuts a new dress for everyone.

The eyes become drunk by his glance,
Just like swaying trees in the morning breeze.

The nightingale says to the rose sapling,
“Tell me, who is in your heart?
No one is around. We are alone.”

“We are not alone here,” the rose answers.
“As long as you are with yourself,
Don’t expect anything from me.
Get rid of yourself first.”

“Know that well: the eye of the needle of Absence
Is very small.
It doesn’t allow folded thread
To go through.”

You are in fire up to your neck.
Look at the Sun that
The world would be filled by its light.

When God's Abraham walked out
From the fire to the tree,
"I am the water of Kevser," ²
Said the tree. "Take your shoes off
Before you enter.

"Don't be afraid of my fire.
In fact, I am water, nice water.
You came to the side of Glory.
The head of the table is yours, welcome.

"You are the jeweler, mine of garnet.
You are the essence of space and beyond,
Peerless in our time.
Where are you? Where are the people?"

In the hand of love,
Everything turns into a temple of charity.
You change this temporary world to
The world of truth and immortality.

You came in early dawn
With a big glass in your hand.
When will you call my soul to your side?

What would the heart feel when
His hand touches the hand of a beauty?
What would happen to the copper
When he hears the call of Alchemist?

Suddenly, an amazing beauty came,
Spear in his hand like an Arab.
"Do you want something?" I asked.

"Yes, come close to us," he said.

My heart jumped, "I'll go first!"

My mind said, "Let me go!"

But thanks to the Beauty,

"You both could come."

When a table is set from the sky,

Wash your hands and mouth so

They won't smell of onion and leek.

If you are a lover, if you are a charmer,

Look and see: the source of flavor came.

Leave the bowl, grab the goblet,

Choose exuberance, not the soup.

I close my mouth that the candle of

Day and night will tell you the story

With the words of flames.

4.

Verse 31

One who resembles the moon in the sky;
But where is the divine beauty, brilliance
On the face of the moon?

Everyone is in love with the moon,
But the moon is in the control of your love,
Cries and begs to God.

Sun and moon prostrate to your fiery face,
Because your face challenges the moon and sun.

Last night, the moon came to you for submission.
Your lovers kept shouting,
“Go away!” with jealousy.

Walk nicely on the earth that
Even angels would take their heads
Out from the sky's windows,
Watch and admire you.

When your face starts lightning to flash,
The hearts close their eyes to protect their eyes.

In the winter of this separation
Garden of my heart lost everything
Resembling joy, pleasure and musk.

Garden of soul has withered
By the autumn of separation.

When your spring will come, then
I will grow and blossom.

Yesterday my heart had fallen asleep
At the street's corner.
While passing, your image saw him in that shape.

“How do you do with that suffering?
Tell me. You have been wasted away so much,
Your body has become invisible.”

He said that and went away.
My heart found relief by the taste of
His words.
My God, You award him.

5.

Verse 42

Is there another beautiful charmer in
The world like our Master?
He has seen hundreds of mistakes but
He has never frowned on them yet.

Open your eyes. Watch His face.
See His tolerance for your sin.
His nature is shiny, as pure as
Water in the creek.

I blush with embarrassment,
His warm smile melted me down.
The spell of His words turned the stone
Into water.

Take the poison to Him.
He will change it sweeter than sugar.
Put the sadness in front of Him.
He would make it joy and happiness.

If you taste His Abi-i hayat,³
Fear of death would disappear.
Lean to His door of contentment.
Don't worry about the fate.

O one who has been abused under the feet
Like a rush mat, prostrate in front of Him, that
He will give you the eminence of the mosque.

I called the Master of Love, asked Him,
"Do you understand this?"
You became the slave of shapes.
Yet, your shape is the guide.

If the heart leaves you, goes away,
He would fall into the fire.
There, he stands on his feet, waits till
You call him back.

If the heart flies away like a pigeon from your roof,
The image of your name becomes Kible
For his soul.

You are the roof. You are the air.
Duality is nothing but a fancy.
You are the Ab-i hayat for the soul.
Forms, shapes are all saka.⁴

Don't get restless. Don't go away.
Your moon is in front of you.
Don't yell and scream.
He'll hear you even if you whisper.

He hears your prayer, responds to your call.
"O my deaf one," He says, "open your ears."

If it wasn't His word, how could your soul
Be able to sigh, "Ah"?
Keep sighing, "Ah."
Your sigh is the road to God.

I bring water to the garden with a waterwheel.

That's why I enjoy turning.
The fruit trees grow from barren sand and stone
By the water of Soul.

Garden longs for the water of Soul.
When it withers, dries,
Tell the broken branch
Our roots will send water.

Stay awake like the moon at night. Don't sit.
Come early so that you can hear the talks.

6.

Verse 58

① One, who doesn't care much about loyalty,
Why do you do that? Why?
You are frowning to this weary road.
But why? Why?

My heart is your home, bench of your faithfulness.
Why are you hurting every moment
With your spear?

Your pearl has won the prize
By customers as jewelry.
You are taking away soul and universe, but
Why? Why?

You are the spring of Hizir.⁵ You are Kevser.
You are better than Ab-i hayat.
I am the one whose lips and mouth are dried
By the fire of separation.
Why? Why?

Your oppression is concealed in the soul.
Your seal has no trace.
Yet, so many marks are in my heart from you.
Why? Why?

He said, "I am the Soul of the soul.
Don't expect to see the soul."
But your face shows the image of soul.
Why? Why?

O the One who is the essence of divine light,
Even stars are ashamed when they look at You.
How come You created the question in the heart
By covering Your face with the cloud of doubt?
Why? Why?

7.

Verse 65

If you are bored, O my friend,
Come close to our Beloved.
The spring of soul will refresh your heart.

Morning breeze brings the smell of the
Greeting of my Beloved,
The smell of His spring, His garden,
His rose and fruits.

It is a drunkenness, but a different kind.
It is a seeing, but unseeing.
The glory, power, and prosperity
Keep yelling and screaming,
Inviting you that side.

Dance, clap your hands, howl to that friend,
And watch my martyred heart
In front of those beautiful narcissus eyes.

I am invigorated by this unruly love.
Why should I be indebted to the soul?
I am next to the Beloved, contented.
Why should I run around?

When soul returns to his home,
The water rushes into my creek.
The nature which has been fed by dirt
Will go to the stoke-hole.

To watch the face of my Sultan of sultans,
To see the sparkle of His wine,
This is a wonderful place.
I won't go out of this palace.

Our fun-loving, enchanted soul,
Our drunk mind,
Especially the glass of soul in your hand,
O my God, this is wonderful.

If the mind has gone, let it go.
If nothing is left, pawn yourself.
If they say, "It is morning," say, "So what?"
O Beauty who has no morning nor evening,
You come.

Keep silence.
My beautiful Beloved coming to my arm
Is like a drunk.
Shower kindness and loyalty.
The Soul of my soul, gleam of my rose garden,
Ornament in the garden of ascent
Came out in spite of enemy.

8.

Verse 75

He gave a flavor from himself
To the troubled soul.
My Beloved came to see his new slave yesterday.

He sharpened my mind, put an earring on my ear,
Exalted the joy and pleasure,
Brightened my eyes.

He said, "O my lean, newly hunted prey,
I am kind. I don't sell the slave
I just bought."

Look at him. See how gracious he is?
He gives so much joy and happiness.
Joseph remembers the ones who cut
Their hands for him.⁶

He embraced me like his own.
His doubt has gone.
He put new dresses on my shoulders.

Don't look at me as a helpless, poor soul.
Never mind my tears,
I have a golden, gilded satin dress on my back.

It sounds rather bizarre,
Hearing someone who has desire,
"Getting rid of the self."
But one who was saved from himself

Went beyond his existence,
Found hundreds of joys after joys.

Is the taste of his insanity better than his spell?
Because he is biting his lips secretly
For the one whose lips are bitten by sorrow.

He makes promises to his loves, gives roses,
Fills his blood shed eyes with his dreams.

He puts salve to his eyes,
Caresses him with the hand of kindness,
And burns the heart of this hunched firmament.

He offers Elest's⁷ wine,
Glass after glass to his own drunk.
He beats the drum to the heart's falcon
With his own hand.

Be silent for God's sake!
Don't destroy the virtue of silence.
Aside⁸ is coming, cut short the Kaside.⁹

Mufteilum, mefailun, mufteilun, mefailun.¹⁰
Don't open the door.
Don't show too much
Of the newly bloomed rose garden.

9.

Verse 88

I came to grab your ear, drag you away,
Leave you without heart, without self.
I came to put you inside of my heart.

O rose sapling, I came to embrace you
Like a beautiful spring,
Scatter you all over.

I came to charm you at this palace,
Raise you above the sky like the prayer of lovers.

You have stolen a kiss from a beauty.
I came to take it back.
Give it to me nicely.

What is the whole? You are the All.
You are the One who ordered, "Read."¹¹
If others don't know You, I know You,
Because You are me.

You are my soul. You are my heart.
You are the One who reads Fatiha¹² for me,
Turns into entirely Fatiha. I'll read you.

You are my prey but you jumped out of the trap.
Return to my trap.
If you don't, I'll drag you there.

The lion said to me, "You are a beautiful gazelle.

Stay away from me.
Why are you following me?
I will tear you to pieces.”

Accept the wounds,
Since you are a shield of bravery.
Walk in the front.
Keep your eyes on the bowstring.
I'll bend you like a bow.

There are thousands of stages
From the dust to human.
I carried you through, one by one.
I won't leave you in the middle of the road.

Don't talk. Don't froth.
Don't try to open the lid of the saucepan.
Keep boiling nicely.
I am cooking you.

Aren't you a lion's cub hidden in a gazelle's body?
I also pass you from that stage.

You are my ball, under the control of my club.
I keep making you run, but
I also run behind you.

10.

Verse 101

When you are sober, the Beloved seems like
A thorn to you.

When you are drunk, out of yourself,
The Beloved is a great help to you.

When you are sober, you become prey to the fly.
When you are drunk, even the elephant
Becomes game to you.

When you are sober, you are covered by the cloud
Of sorrows and worries.
When you are drunk,
The moon will be born in your lap.

When you are sober,
The Beloved stays away from you.
When you are in rapture,
The Beloved's wine is served to you.

When you are sober, you are cold,
Frozen like winter.
When you are out of yourself,
Even cold winter appears as a spring to you.

All your indecisions come from
Your search of a decision.
Desire for indecision,
Decision will come to you.

Your indigestion has resulted from
Your desire to eat and digest everything.
When you give up,
Poison becomes honey to you.

Your failure to attain your wishes comes from
Your running after them.
Otherwise, all wishes will be scattered
Like wedding gifts in front of you.

Fall in love with the cruelty of the Beloved,
Not for His charm.
Be like this, that reluctant Beauty
Becomes a crying lover for you.

When the Sultan of sultans Shamseddin
Comes from Tebriz,
You will be ashamed to talk
About moon and stars.

11.

Verse 111

With you, everything will be taken care of.
If you are not here, nothing works. Nothing works.
The wound that you opened is in my heart,
But nowhere else.

The eye of the mind is your drunk.
The wheel of fortune is in your hand.
You hold the ear of joy and pleasure.
Nothing works without you.

The soul is exuberant because of you.
The heart drinks wine from you.
The mind is excited for you.
Nothing works without you.

You are my wine, my dream.
You are my garden, my spring,
My sleep, my judgment.
Nothing works without you.

You are my rank, my honor.
You are my splendor, my wealth.
You are my pure clear water.
Nothing works without you.

Sometimes you go with me, sometimes against,
But you are mine.
Where are you going?
Nothing works without you.

They give their heart to you.
You throw them out.
They repent. You break their repentance.
You are the One who does all,
Nothing works without you.

If anything happens without you,
The world would turn upside down.
Garden of Eden becomes hell.
Nothing works without you.

I would be the foot if you are the head.
I would be the flag if you are the hand.
But if you go, I will be ruined.
Nothing works without you.

You took my sleep,
Washed and wiped my shape away,
Made me forgetful of everything.
Nothing works without you.

My friend, my life will be ruined without you.
O my confidant, nothing works without you.

Without you, neither life nor death
Is good for me.
How can I be relieved from your sorrow?
Nothing will ever work without you.

O my support, my security,
Whatever I say is about good and bad.
Be kind, you talk.
Nothing will ever work without you.

12.

Verse 124

How come the color of my face changes from
One breath to the other?
Don't be indifferent. Look and see:
The desire makes so many things happen.

I have a desire for the sugar-lipped one
In every night.
What could the night watchman do at the gate of
Night travelers?

Who could see or understand that
What is happening in my heart is
From the fire of someone's love?

In spite of his kindness, there is a
Fly in his sweet honey and white sugar.

What would happen if the garbage
Has fallen into your love that is
Pure and clean as a sea?

What would happen when Shamseddin
Extends his hand from Tebriz, and
Touches my heart?

13.

Verse 130

Ⓔ pray water on the road.
The Beloved is coming soon.
Give the news to the garden.
Spring's smells are coming.

Open the road to the Beloved,
Open for that full moon.
He is coming by scattering heavenly radiance
From his saintly face.

The sky is descending to the earth.
A tumult is filling the world.
Musk and ambergris are growing.
The Beloved's banner is coming.

Charm of the garden is coming.
The light is coming. The eye is coming.
The sorrow is going away.
The moon is born in our lap.

The arrow is flying, reaching the target.
Why are we sitting?
The Sultan is coming from the game.

The garden is saluting.
The cypress is standing.
The greenery is running by feet.
The bud is coming with the horse.

What kind of wine are they drinking,
The ones that are in seclusion in the sky, that
The soul became drunk lying on the ground?
The mind is coming confused.

When you reach our village, know that
The silence is our custom, because
Our gossip raised so much dust.¹³

14.

Verse 138

It is all right if your eyes are coy
To the whole world,
Because you have the beauty.
You have the charm.
Who else could act coy but you?

Your eyes hesitate. Your lips show pity.
In short, God is the only One who kills and
Creates the human.

Your eyes draw daggers. Your lips scatter sugar.
A gift would be expected between this struggle.

Kindness and greatness are the signs of royalty.
Your gifts to the soul are beyond description.

If my Mercurial words and excess drunkenness
Are not from your table,
Where did they come from?

The sky prostrates,
Covers himself with a blue mantle,
Then starts turning like Sufis
Because it received an invitation from You.

Who is the Khaliph of God in the present time?
Even angels prostrate before you
When they come from the sky.

Look how fortunate are the earthly creatures!
They are better than angels.
Our Sultan gave such an education
As a gift to them.

Don't turn your head away from the One
Who gives you a crown.
Don't brag to someone who just came
From the land of exaltation.

The world of "Am I not your God?"
Is coming ear to ear.
Say, "Yes! Yes!" quickly. Otherwise,
You'll find trouble next to you.

He is the One who bought me.
I am trying to lift His curtain.
His kindness comes to me
Through my vessel, through my marrow.

If I were completely drunk,
I would tell the secret of his sorrow,
Words of whole truth, sweet as sugar,
Come from the beautiful face.

15.

Verse 150

The Beloved is pulling us by our necks
Like camels.
Let's see where He would take
His drunk camel.

He is the One who wounded my soul,
My body, broke my bottle.
He is the One who put me under the yoke.
Let's see what kind of work He'll put me on.

I am His net. He throws me to the ground
Like a fish.
He pulls the trap of my heart toward
The game master.

He is capable of pulling the cloud's caravan
Under the sky, like camels,
Then make them the cupbearer
For the valleys and plains,
Leads them toward the mountains and caves.

He makes the pieces, as well as the whole,
By thunder,
Beats the drum to the essence of rose sapling,
"Smells of the spring are coming."

He gives the desire to the heart of the seed
To become fruit.
He hung the inner secret of the tree on the gallows.

Although the sorrow of the cold winter
Puts the gardens to sleep now,
He will wake them up with the
Beauty of spring.

16.

Verse 157

What would love's Venus do
At out door every morning?
What would the hundred moons,
Our life's enemy, do at our door?

One who attained his gaze is aware
Of everything; at the same time, not.
Is he an angel, or human?
What is he doing at our door?

The world turned upside down.
The Flood is rising over our head.
The stone has been carved by him,
Turned into jewel.
What is he doing at our door?

O charming beauty,
If you haven't instigated a mischief,
What is this crowd doing at our door?

If you haven't become a burglar,
Bright day light,
Why do you wait at the corner every day?
What do you do at our door?

If the charm of his beauty
Doesn't raise the dust from heaven,
What are all that dust and smoke
Doing at our door?

To whom is Shamseddin coming from Tebriz?

Why does the sea get rough and

Scatter the pearls?

What are they doing at our door?

17.

Verse 164

What is happening to my soul's parrot
With one sugar?
What is happening to my wine worshipper
Venus with a moon?

The sea in my heart gets rough because of him.
It reaches to the ninth level of sky.
I am confused.
What is happening because of a pearl?

My heart is such a garden that
He doesn't care about hundreds of Gardens of Eden
But is bewildered because of a tree
And newly bloomed narcissus.

The Soul is the Sultan; I am one of his leaves.
The Soul is the dawn; I am the night.
Like a sun, what goes through my heart which
Resembles the sun in early dawn?

My heart has broken to pieces.
Someone has already seen that.
But the whole universe is also changing
Under a glance.

Reason is mad and frustrated because of
The superiority of his love.
The spark of his soul is exciting
Every living thing.

I resemble a glass bottle.
Glass-making is my profession.
O my glass heart, what is happening
Because of a stone?

The ones who are informed and learned
Become like a ruby mine,
But the ignorant go from one situation to the other.
They don't even know that.

The heart and sight are beautified
By Shams of Tebriz.
They will be saved from confusion.
One who sees crookedly
Lives from one situation to the other.

When the heart saw your face,
He understood that he was looking at the soul.
When the soul drank wine from your lips,
He became confused, started to bite his lips.

The body asks the heart,
"Why do you do all these things
Away from evil eyes, from a beauty
Whose face is more beautiful than the moon?"

Don't look at anyone's face, but at the heart.
Don't go anywhere, but to the heart,
Because the heart's light makes everything
The Flame of that world.

One who becomes a new disciple to you
Is the Master of masters.

**One who holds your hand will become
The Seer of the time.**

**The heart is in the center.
Body makes a circle around it.
How lucky for the body is that!
Master heart sits in the middle.**

**Shamseddin hears the secret
In your heart from Tebriz.
That's why he is deaf to your words.**

19.

Verse 179

What is this sala¹⁴ in early dawn?
The merchant is going to the grave.
It will be a long time before he returns home,
Because he has a long journey.

Instead of sleeping with the beauties,
He will sleep with the snake and scorpion.
Leaving silk covers behind,
He is going to the grave.

All his eating and wine drinking are finished.
Fun and pleasures are gone.
He is going with great humiliation.

In the past, nobody could dare to talk,
Whistle, or say anything to his ear.
He will be cooked and matured from now on,
Because he is going to the oven.

He is not going pure and clean with devotion.
He is not going as God's drunk.
He is inebriated with arrogance.

So many clothes and turbans he has worn out.
He never had God's dresses.
That's why he is going naked.

He was born in the land of Rum,¹⁵
Spread around nothing but suffering and cruelty.

Don't think he will be hugging Houris.¹⁶

Sage goes to God's table with nice friends.
Raw soul goes to evil, struggles there.

Look and see:
The fear that is coming
From the drum of Punishment
Changes the lion to the cat, man into the ant.

It is enough!
Your secret cannot be revealed by words.
This explanation sits at the head of the table
Like the image of great ones.

20.

Verse 189

The sorrow and grief of that
Beautiful double-faced Beloved
Burn the heart, consume the soul of lovers.

Where is the beloved that resembles ours?
He is the absolute peace and comfort.
Who could do the things He does to you?

In one of His dispositions, He is changing
The sky into the earth
When He becomes peer of the sky.
Another is turning coldest winter into the spring.

He makes the giant out of the angel,
Then He turns the angel into the devil.
He changes my night to such that
Even the day will be jealous of it.

I don't know why He gives the medicine
With the wine to the drunk,
And gives more wine to the already drunk camel.

The people lost their minds
Because of the wine served by
The Master of the tavern.
The number of glasses exceeded numbers.

Absence, which is the glory of Presence,
Came to existence.

The mind, which has been
Yearning for drunkenness,
Has passed out like a drunk.

He brought joy and pleasure for dry lips,
Spread around with freshness that raises
Dust from the water.

Come, O soul cupbearer.
The heart has been ruined without you.
He won't settle anywhere without seeing you.

Look at the straight energy that grabs
The thorn's heart.
He went through stages from a
Double-visioned particle to the whole,
Came and sat at the head of the table
Where the rose used to sit.

Come, O soul's player, start playing,
Because this drunk heard his being calling
The Beloved since early dawn.

He calls the Beloved, wants to embrace.
He plays with souls, hunts lions.

What did he see? What did he drink last night?
He has been crying, wailing since early morning.

It is the word of Elest, or the same kind.
His answer, "Yes," turns the sky.

Everything in the Universe

Keeps whirling just like the sky.
The body is turning openly,
Soul is secretly.

Since his glass started turning.
We are getting our share from happiness.
His hand and his glass resemble
A rider and a galloping horse.

O, fellow traveler,
See the road, watch the moon at the corner,
But be silent,
Because words raise dust on the road.

21.

Verse 206

Remove the cotton from your ear.

The sound of salvation is coming.

Don't drive into the black water.

The fountain of life is coming.

They are playing the Jupiter love song in the sky.

Hundreds of prayers are coming

To the souls of lovers.

Be milk. Be honey. Get out of yourself.

Alms are coming. Gifts are coming from the Sultan

To the poor and destitute.

The mind wants to become man

Because of his compassion.

Man prays and fasts,

Because of his attraction.

Wait, be patient at the darkness of the troubles.

Don't worry. Ab-i hayat is coming to Hizir

From the land of darkness.

22.

Verse 211

Why should our love be shamed and hesitant?
Since he is so beautiful,
Why should he be expected to be loyal?

How could such generosity and unruliness
Be allotted to ordinary people?
How could so much beauty
Be granted to our heart?

His taste lasts forever. They called it, "Love."
It is customary to complain, otherwise
Why should there be any pain?

This sour look on his face is
Because of his coyness.
Otherwise, how could this sour face
Add Soul to souls?

His frowning resembles the clouds.
Otherwise, how could life's blessing come,
To the garden, tree and leaves?

23.

Verse 216

When your beauty puts saddle
To the hunting horse,
No wonder hundreds like me become crazy, insane.

When your sorrow flees,
My heart opens his wing, takes up into the air.
With God's blessing, I wish this would
Happen again and again.

When the star of my heart enters into
The sign of your moon,
The sky will be very kind to the earth.

Your cupbearer keeps turning around
The world with a glass.
At the end, I am sure he would choose me,
Offer me that glass.

He brings many things,
Hides them in the heart of this slave.
But when your jealousy makes him sad,
He burns them to ashes.

When your love changes my soft heart into iron,
The fairy and giant would be scared from my heart.

My arrow- straight soul
Turned into a bow my your hand.
The firmament is mad at me because of that,

Sets traps everywhere for me.

Your favor makes me friend to you in every breath.

I am with you all the time.

Earth and sky use as a salve

The dust of my trace.

God has caught me at Tebriz,

Made me slave to Shamseddin.

I am so grateful that

I prostrate in every breath.

24.

Verse 225

○ my soul, my world,
Who has such a beautiful face like yours?
You reproach the soul.
It is worth it, as long as it comes from you.

While the light of your face shines everywhere,
Who can be double-faced at your time?
Since you cover every face,
No one has his own.

Moon in the sky and earthly treasures
Look very pale to one
Who has seen your face.

I will remove the dress of my flesh.
I would rather be naked with you.
The embrace of your kindness
Would be the dress and caftan for me.

Ascetic gets your pleasure.
Wise drinks from your cup.
Learned praises you,
But your essence¹⁷ is mine, mine.

Whoever mentions Soul,
I show your face.
Even the dragon appears.
Your love will be emerald for it.¹⁸

Even if he is a slave,
The sultan will become slave to a person
Whose face is like that,
Especially if he has fallen in love.

I would put my broken heart
In front of his spectre.
Maybe he will talk about devotion.

If I knock on the door of my past,
Shari'a's door will be open.
His face will be my witness,
His narcissus eyes my evidence.

If Shamseddin sends his blessing from Tebriz,
The world of existence would disappear beside him.

25.

Verse 235

Come like fire. Don't even breathe.
Take the troubles away,
O the heart and soul of everywhere,
O the eye and light of the dawn.

You are kneaded with joy and pleasure.
At the same time, you became the desire of angels.
Also, you are Arasat,¹⁹
Filled with plants and reeds.

Rise, Time of Resurrection,
The day has come for
The plants to be scattered around.
I have a war with my mind.
Go, get the news from that.

Yet, all the informed are slaves and servants to you.
Your greeting is like a big glass for them.
The ones who have heard your names,
They cut their heads and feet.

Get up! The time is passing.
July, the whole summer, has gone.
Satan fled from Umar's²⁰ shadow
And is still running.

O one who hears the sigh of Soul,
O one who offers wine from Soul,
O one who is the Soul's support, heart's trust,

Come forward, like a male lion.

You have been lying down on the floor
Like a drunk,
Giving up five and six²¹ with joy and pleasure.
Your caravan keeps going.
This is a nice journey.


Offer wine every moment, every breath.
Burn the sorrow to the ashes.
O my beautiful, this is your time.
O my moon face, this age is your age.

Shamseddin catches heart and soul,
Carries them to Tebriz.
Tebriz resembles the eye.
Shams is the sight in that eye.

Eye is apparent, but light is concealed in the eye.
Yet, the eye will be able to see
With another sight.

26.

Verse 245

 homegrown beauty,
Come back from the journey.
Come home, open ruby-like lips so that
The sugar won't become so expensive.

You are the cupbearer of Soul.
You are Noah's Ark.
When your cup is empty, my lung is full of blood.

He sometimes gets mad and reproaches me:
"Go away! Find another beauty!"
You are the only one in both worlds.
Where is a beauty like you?

The pen which draws pictures and designs,
When he saw your picture said,
"Oh, I lost myself! Is this an angel or human?"

"O my soul, my world,
Why do you blame and criticize me?
Come into my heart, watch a new crowd,
A new uproar in every breath."

Love says, "Time came,
Two hundred tables of trouble were set.
Your lips are dry. Your eyes are wet.
Watch the blessings made by wet and dry."

If you toss both of them,

A beautiful star shows coins to you.
Two hundred moons are slaves and servants
For that star.

Say clearly that
Shamseddin is the hrasbek²² of Yakiyn,²³
Sultan of Yakiyn.
He is like a faith,
Known as well as unknown in Tebriz.

27.

Verse 253

We gathered face to face,
Two or three friends at this side,
Like thirsty camels with their mouths
In the grass.

There are people coming from left and right.
Their mouths are foamed by greed
Like drunk camels.

Don't worry. Not every camel
Can reach this place.
They are at the bottom.
We are at the top of the mountain.

If the world is submerged into Ocean,
We are Noah's Ark.
Noah's Ark doesn't sink nor get lost in the sea.

The whole world is troubled
By the struggle for fame and money.
We sit, drink at this corner, quietly
Getting happily drunk and well-respected.

The friends became drunk.
O, player of knowledge, say a rubai.²⁴
Come inside, and pick up the tambourine.

Send a breeze to the forest that
Every willow and plain tree shake their heads.

No fruit, no leaves come from dry willow.
Such a tree's head doesn't tremble from
The wind of "Don't be afraid."

God's breath is the only answer for drought.
That breath touches everything, one by one.
It is not light. It is not lean.

The dry date tree gave dates to Mary
By God's order.
With God's breath, the dead came back to life.

At the end of this poem,
Out of obstinacy to every blind man
Who is not son of his father,
Praise Shamseddin. Remember Tebriz.

28.

Verse 264

My soul hasn't had enough.
Don't say, "Enough! Enough!"
You look bored.
But you are in the play, better than others.

Once, the Prophet was bored from a guest,
Made a face.
God reproached him
With the Sura of "God's advisor made a sour face."

If you don't get along,
You will be sad and lonely.
It is nice to stay together.
Don't run away even one moment.

One who cooks with his own peer gains taste.
Let's cook together.
Are we worse than the lentil?

I don't run away from drunkenness,
Especially from the drunks, sweet talking drunks.
Actually, it is death to separate from them.
Who wants to die?

A drunk friend of mine gave me a jar yesterday.
I should break it on the head of "self."

I don't make "the self" as my friend.
He has a narrow mind and empty stomach.

My meal becomes dirty because of that fly.

I look neither forward nor backward.
Thinking to the wine is like a bridle,
Pulls me back and forth.

What a beautiful dawn is that.
He becomes our sun.
How lucky evening is that
He becomes our guard.

Love came to me as a doctor in early dawn,
Checked my pulse.
“Don’t move,” he said, “you are very weak.

“You should eat roasted meat so that
Your heart will get stronger.”
I said, “You ride your horse. Bring wine.
The heart is already roasted.”

“If you will drink wine,” he said,
“Don’t drink from everyone.
I’ll serve you pure and clean wine.”

“What do I care about wine,” I answered,
“If I’ll find you?
Who does ‘teyemmm’²⁵
If there is a river of Nile or Aras?”

Be silent, O water carrier.
Your life’s horse is carrying Ab-i hayat.
Remove the bell from its neck.

**Ab-i hayat has its reputation.
Not everyone deserves it.
It is hidden in the dark.**

29.

Verse 279

Whoever tries to reach Your lips
Gets hurt all over,
Because the bees sting the one
Who comes close to the honey.

His face is such a rose garden.
The snake is hidden there.
His black hairs resemble the night.
Every robber and every guard gather there.

O my moon-faced,
You are the mine of emerald.
You could destroy the snake.
O my Sultan, You are half moon.
We won't be bothered by darkness.

Without You, this world is useless.
How could anyone breathe or talk without You?
Soul is Your slave, Your servant;
So is the Universe.
You are the Soul. You are the Universe.

You are the One who helps Rustem.²⁶
The victories, the conquests are from You.
The profit either from road or horse
Comes from Your protection.

Not the sun that rises or sets,
But Your sun is at the land of meaning.

Hundreds of suns and moons
Get their lights from You.

The sky is turning by Your water.
Reason asks Your medical care,
Shows its pulse to You.

The hopes and expectations
Stay on the line around Your table.
They prostrate with new hope in every breath.

The gold and silver are the crops grown
From the soil that drinks the light.
The soil that drinks water yields only
Beans and lentils.

Colors of this world resemble the spells.
Love is like Moses' staff,
Opens his mouth, sweeps them all in one breath.

O heart, how long will you be afraid
Of your own shadow, of your "self"?
How long will you be running from them?
Look and see, once
There is nobody there.

It is enough, enough.
Are you less than the horse of the water carrier?
Even the water carrier takes the bell off
Of the horse's neck
Once he finds a customer.

30.

Verse 291

I set another trap, just in case
I could catch the one
Who jumped out of my hand.

I would put in my heart and soul
The one I am totally captivated by,
Though most of my life has already passed.
Maybe I can start life from the beginning again.

The heart is melted like sugar again.
The lungs are cooled, turned into ice again.
He disappeared from my eyes again.
I may be able to catch him again with my eyes.

I should travel to his place at night.
Light in his face would guide me.
When I would arrive in his neighborhood,
I would grab his doorknob.

My heart's ache has become worse.
The color of my face has changed
From pale to yellow gold.
Maybe he will come to gather gold.
Then, I will catch him.

What would happen if
I were tightened like a belt?
Even if I became worse?
What would happen if I turned upside down?

Maybe I may be able to catch him.

For sure, I would keep him till dawn.

I would chew him like sugar,

Untie all the knots of his dress.

When sleep would fall into his narcissus eyes,

I would run fast after him.

If he is about to sleep,

I'll catch him on the way to sleep.

31.

Verse 299

We two or three drunks
Gathered at this quiet corner,
Like camels with their mouth in the grass.²⁷

There are drunks coming from everywhere,
Like drunk camels, foam in their mouths.

Don't worry. Drink nicely.
The camels can't come to this side
Because they are at the bottom.
We are at the top of the mountain.

Although their necks are long,
They can't reach to the top of the mountain.
They sound, "Af af,"
But we won't be bothered with that sound.

If all the world submerged in Ocean,
We are Noah's Ark in that sea.
We won't worry about sinking or losing our way.

The world is in trouble because of fame and money.
We sit and drink quietly,
Getting drunk happily in this corner.

We are the emerald's mine, the eye of
The snake of sorrow.
One who became the slave of sorrow
Kept saying, "It is too bad. It is bad."

O the player who only plays for sages,
Come, say a quatrain quickly.
Pick up the tambourine.
Sages have all gotten drunk.

Send a wind to the forest,
A breeze to every tree so that
The branches dance one by one.

32.

Verse 308

In order to hear the greeting of the heart,
I knocked on his door one night.

The glitter of that moonlight
Reflected to the eye and heart of the road.
The brilliance sparkled after that.

Heart's quarter is filled by the light
That comes from the heart's face.
Moon and sun become worthless glasses
For the heart.

If Akl-i kul²⁸ has any mind,
He will become the slave, the servant of the heart.
The heart has already caught
Reason, the mind, in its trap.

The greeting from the heart
Brought an uproar in the sky.
Existence took a porch in his hand.
The people broke their chains.

The light came from there,
Illuminated everywhere.
Kursi²⁹ is lighted, as well as His great Ark.
Even the soul sat on his door
And admired looking at the roof of the heart.

“Kalendar³⁰ is not human.”

Here is a short statement.
He is entirely a gaze, a sight.
The language of the heart is spoken
Only in silence.

Whole existence is helplessly drunk
For the heart.
The nine level stages of the sky are
Only two steps for the heart.

33.

Verse 316

I miss him a lot. I desire him.
I keep saying long life for him.
This earring in my ear, I am his slave.
I beat the drum of loyalty.
I am in love.

My heart is broken. I am sad.
I sit at the corner
Staging a holdup for the dream caravan
Just to reach him.

Beside the eunuch of his sorrow and his salve
I crush the head and feet of
Anyone who appears.

I hold this crazy, drunk, broken heart
As a three-stringed instrument
I keep playing.

The heart has found a jewel
At the bottom of Kevser.
He won't sell cheap.
He keeps praising it in order
To get the best price.

I keep pulling his ears while asleep.
I keep beating him in early dawn
While he is praying.

He supposes that I am beating to kill him.
How could his dead body
Feel the pleasure of my whip?

It doesn't matter. Either he is moon or sky;
Either becomes reason or angel.
As soon as his heart turned into a curtain
I hit him on the head and cut his neck.

I asked, "How come you
Break my bottle with every stone
Since you started to talk about love?"
"I will draw the sword of calamities," he answered.

There is a new cry and yell
In every string of this rebab.³¹
I play loud so that the heart would hear.

I kneaded the heart of every melody
With a different taste.
Don't think I play wrong.

Instead of offering their generosity,
The sultans got mad
And stabbed with their daggers.
Yet, I call him nicely,
Beat him to show my kindness.

I offer such secret gifts that
Even the eyes can't see them.
I will destroy his fancies and desires.
The heart has fallen in my way.

Cut this moan and groan.
This is not the right tune.
I am playing this melody at your temple
Just for you.

34.

Verse 330

I am neither Satan nor angel,
But I hide from everyone
Since I loved the beauty who is like Soul.

I was snow, melted, then went down to the earth.
Later, I turned into the heart's smoke and
Ascended to sky.

I am not from spirit.
I shun from soul, though I turned into Soul.
What is this hesitation?

I went toward the One who cannot be imagined.
I fell into His imagination. At the end,
I found Him.

My heart has witnessed the Beloved in ecstasy.
After losing himself, whatever my heart said
Became the truth itself.

All my wails are from Him, not from me.
After tasting the wine of His lips,
I lost my heart and my words.

He said, "Since you are a lover,
Why are you hiding your love?"
Because of these words,
I became the most celebrated lover
Among all the lovers.

Because of Your love,
I gave up the world and soul.
What can I do with the world?
I am already out of it.

35.

Verse 338

○ One who offers me wine every morning,
Don't be shy, O my beauty,
Say, "I offered it."

Although you left my arms,
You remained in my mind.
See how I did settle at the corner,
Waiting for your return.

Evil eyes concealed the beauty
Behind the veil.
I closed that eye, and opened the other one.

Nothing could satisfy my heart,
Other than expecting the promise of the Beloved.
For that reason, I put the Beloved's letter of oath
Inside of my heart.

Love enslaved me at the land of infidels,
Brought me here.
That's why I am clean and pure,
Beautiful as the soul of lovers.

Although I am a pawn,
I reached the King.
I caressed his beautiful hair,
Took his palace.

O Shamseddin,

Come back from Tebriz and see,
Though your love checkmated me,
I am getting better by that love.
Souls are added to my soul.

36.

Verse 345

Every night and every dawn I prayed.
I asked you from God.
I begged, asked you so many different ways
From God.

I wished that my praying
Would bring you close to me.
Since I wished and begged so much,
My being is completely annihilated.

I was a shadow,
Desiring light behind your sun.
Since I wanted your light,
You consumed me,
Finished me like a shadow.

Your loved turned me into iron.
I wanted light and purity like a mirror.
I fell in the fire, inflicted by wounds.

I ran toward you,
But couldn't find a place to stand.
When I asked a place from you,
You cleansed me from time and place,
Then pulled me toward you.

37.

Verse 350

I came to submit myself to you and
Raise your love above everything.
If you say, "No," I'll break the reed
And carry the sugar away.

I came secretly, concealed from the eyes,
Just like the mind.
I came to carry the torch of sight
To the eyes, to the soul.

I came to waylay and sit
At the top of Sultan's treasure.
I came to carry gold; no, no,
Carry the news.

If he breaks my heart, I'll give my soul.
If he picks me up by my hat,
I'll grab his belt from his waist.

If he sits in front of me,
Where can I look?
He conquered the castle of my heart.
Where can I go?

The tip of his arrow could pierce the mountain.
Woe is me if I hold my shield.

I said to the sun, "If you don't send the light,
I'll start trembling."

"Yes," he said, "I won't send it. I will deprive you."


He is such a beloved that
Hearts shine by the light of his face.
The river of his beauty nourishes me.

I long for his image. I turn into a spectre.
I am so jealous of his name that
I don't mention the name of the moon.

Do you remember? Once you held the glass
And said, "If you don't drink,
I'll give it to someone else."
Here, this poem is the answer to that.

38.

Verse 360

 my sweet beauty,
What did you drink last night?
Tell me, so that I'll drink the same, day and night,
As long as I live.

O my prophet, you said,
"I would be the guest of God's presence."
Tell me more about it.

O my beautiful whose face
Is more beautiful than the moon,
If you hide your glittering beauty from me,
The sun is up and the drum of splendor is beating.
You cannot hide.

The flavor of your names comes to my heart.
The taste of your words spreads to my being.

When I beg him to call me like,
"Hey, come here,"
He says, "Leave me alone.
I don't feel good."

Every heart meets the love sometime.
This is a common occurrence.
Thanks to God, my heart also fell in love.
I am also blessed.

"Who are you?" I asked Love one evening.

He said, "I am immortality,
A beautiful life which has no end."

"O most beautiful, who cannot
Be contained in any place,
Where is your home?" I asked.
"I am the company for heart's fire.
I stand next to the crying eyes.

"I am the color for pale faces.
I am a fast, fleet donkey,
But fell in love with a pure horse."

He seduces hundreds of people like me
With a little coquetry.
O Hodja, show me the way.
I'll seduce him.

The sky cries, " I whirl because of you."
Moon says, "I am so bright because of you."

Reason jumps out.
The soul gives his tribute to him.
The head says, "I became round
In order to prostrate, and to run after you."

I am the most useless of this town.
My talents made me fat,
But my being is melted
By the fire of his sun.

O the storyteller,
I have heard gossips. Be silent.

The One who gives drunkenness to my heart
Should start to talk.

39.

Verse 374

Come inside like fire.
Don't even take a breath.
Offer wine, O beauty.
Hear this slave's begging.
Don't scratch your ear, O beautiful.

Your place is above the sky.
Heart and soul are all yours.
Leave this music:
Its melody sets drunkenness to the heart.

The One who pleases both hearts,
Be with the friends.
Only Your face, a glass of wine, that's all
That counts, O beautiful.

There is no place but heaven to fly
For the bird of broken heart,
For big-winged Archangel Gabriel.

There is nothing like it in the world,
For Soul's wine made by crushed grape.
There is no other pleasure but the pleasure
In the arms of the Beloved, O beautiful.

You are the miracle of Moses.
When you approach the sea of sorrow,
Dust comes out from the bottom of the sea,
O beauty.

Fill the glass with wine.
Mount my soul to the horse.
See that how one who was on foot
Becomes the rider, O beautiful.

When my horse became wine,
All my losses turned into gains.
How could a gambling debt
Put the man into jail, O my beauty?

Put yourself together.
My exuberance runs over.
Read my psalms.
My heart that is filled with gratitude
Gave up hunting, O beautiful.

40.

Verse 383
Terci-i Bend

A letter came from
The other world for me stating,
"Get ready for return.
Carry all your belongings to the sky."

He says, "Hear the order of Return.
Come back to your own town."
"I knew I was a guest since I came here.
My heart is there," I answered.

"I have never forgotten that meadow or reed field.
I am already there with those people.

"This weather became dangerous
Even for your bird of prey.
My body is like a pigeon. My wings are tied."

"Don't worry," he said,
"Fly safely with peace because
The soul of the pigeon in the harem³²
Is constantly in peace."

The One who carries
Our protection's warrant under his caftan
Will find respect and provision
On the sea and on the ground.

Noah lived safely for a thousand years

Among the enemies
Because our protection was holding his hands.
At the end, he prevailed.

Just like thousands like him,
They receive new help
From our door in every moment.

Moses was not scared of the water.
“I will split the water,” he said.
Abraham was not scared of the fire.
“I am gold,” he said.

The greatest of great Mohammed also said,
“I would split the moon in the sky
Because I am a far greater moon
Than the one in the sky.”

Jesus brought the dead to life by his gaze,
Without opening any medical book.

I would get out of this form and
Go next to the Sultan of sultans.
In fact, I am bright because of His light.
I am dressed in this shape by His hands.

O brother, don't ever say
He died. He is gone.
Even if I don't appear to you,
I am present at the row of souls.

My name is around the world
Like the morning breeze.

My fragrance spreads ambergris,
Because my soul turned into ambergris.

I will be settled with beauties at the rose garden.
I will be free from the well,
As well as from the rope,
Because I am not fitted with hoops.



There are two meanings for every word.
Yet, leave this alone.
Come back to terci.



Since throne, crown and majesty
All come from the sky,
My heart, start your journey,
Carry all your belongings to the sky.

Look and see:
Everyone in the sea already found their pearls.
What are you counting between
Ebb and tide?

Put your mind into your head.
Don't suppose a dead ox is like a lion.
Don't prostrate in front of it.
Samiri's spell makes it low,
But it is dead.

If Nimrud³³ flies with vulture wings
To the top of the sky,

He will fall back to the earth
Because he doesn't have
The power of Ca'fer's³⁴ wings.

Artful hand of Azer³⁵ makes only idols.
No one but God gives life and intelligence
To the forms.

Don't suffer from the body's headache.
The body's half-pleasure comes only from deceits.
If you prostrate at God's temple,
You'll get a head from that side.

You give vinegar, and get sugar.
You give bead, and get pearl.
You give salve, and get sight.
It is so nice to do this trading.

Generosity, benevolence, kindness,
Prostration like water on a riverbed,
Those are the signs of the Prophet's nature.

Look at the soul's garden,
How green it is.
Dark-eyed Houris settled there.
Go there like a drunk,
Eat the appetizers of the Sultan.

Walk and enjoy yourself at the garden.
Make jokes, violate the choice of bashful beauties.

Your moon-faced beauty came to the side
Where you made clamorous noises.

That musk-smelled rose sapling
Is as tall as cypress.

Soul and mind prostrate in front of Him.
They say, "How beautiful are You,
O Charmer, One whom the soul desires."

O moons of the sky,
Color would come to your faces.
O angels of Babel,
Learn quickly the sorcery.

You alleviate troubles so nicely.
You are Jesus of many Marys.
Soul of thousands of paradises,
A thousand Kevsers are jealous for you.



O my friend, how could this poem
Continue without Terci?
Tie it with your chain.
Your chain is the one that ties insanity.



Early dawn, a moon showed its face
From my window,
Asked me with grace,
"Hi," He said, "tell Me, who are you?"

"Someone who is dying to meet You.
But," I added, "who are You?"

He answered,
"I am the Sultan of sultans,
Who doesn't care for anyone.

"Without the wing of My kindness,
No heart would be able to fly,
Would be able to fly by fluttering its wings
Inside of the chest.
No one would be able to get out of the well
Without the rope of My help.

"No mind became literate
Without My permission.
The pleasure that the lover enjoys
Comes from My glass.

"Fool is the one who expects
That his hunched back
Will be straightened in heaven,
Because he hasn't seen My face on the earth.

"You traveled the deserts and the plains.
You went through city to city.
Have you seen a shelter,
A supporter for the disciple
Better than I?

"My smell brings the dead back to life,
And makes him immortal.
Even the fool will understand the secrets from
A word that comes from My mouth."

"O life for every beauty," I said.

"Do me a favor.
Let me talk about You.
Let me say a Beloved came suddenly to me."

He said, "If I come, you will go.
You'll be annihilated.
To fit somewhere with someone,
That is impossible for Me.

"I always have favors,
Kindnesses world by world.
But you should work hard,
Endure, purify yourself,
Then I will hand them to you.

"How does the water turn into mirror?
Because of purity and cleanliness.
For the same reason,
The red rose burst open laughing.

"This Union seldom happens,
But it does happen, through servitude and worship.
A division of cavalry is always ready
To one who raises money for bread and uniforms.

"There is always a physician
With great understanding
To help you in every step on your progress.
He is such a Jesus that never has been seen before.
He gives eyes as well as sight to men."

I said this in order to make
The people feel better who

Have fallen in despair.
Otherwise, I am not the one to compare
God with human.

Everything that could be realized
Without words is harmless,
O my Sultan of sultans,
You say for the benefit
Of the one who could understand this.



O one who is seized by wrong assumptions,
Shed the blood of his beloved,
Look carefully He is you.
You are the one running away from yourself.

41.

Verse 430

☉ my sweet beauty,
What did you drink last night?
Tell me. I will drink that as long as I live.

If you lie, your face will tell the truth.
In fact, my mind has gone since
I have seen your face.
I have become bewildered.

Slow down one moment.
Don't pass me so fast.
I will watch you as long as I can.
My heart will be enlightened.

My heart beats so fast. Stop one moment.
Bloody tears are dripping from my eyes.
Don't leave me so soon.

When I am away from you,
Even black soil feels sorry for me.
But when I see you,
The sky becomes jealous of me.

When the sun's face
Goes away from the eye of the earth
At night, earth dresses in black
Because of separation.

When the sun rises again in the morning,

It dresses in white.
O friend whose face is my soul's sun,
Don't leave me.

O my beautiful, don't be cruel.
Don't shed my blood.
O my beautiful, don't hurt,
Don't crush my pearls.

The cupbearer of your vision
Offered a big cup last night,
But I couldn't see you in that glass.
I didn't want it.

The earth and the sky
Have been nourished by you.
Embrace me. Nourish me.
I am lean, too.

O angry, reproachful beauty,
Your anger and your reproach are like sugar.
Your soul is my soul. Your star is my star.

How long will I keep telling my heart,
"Swallow your own blood. Keep quiet"?
At the same time, my heart is telling me,
"You keep quiet."
I should be deaf.

42.

Verse 442

Why should I look for something else?
Since He takes care of my business,
Since I tasted his lips,
Why should I look for sugar?

How could I go to the rose garden,
Turn to thorn?
How could I give up the early dawn
For the night, like a bat?

Even if I drink wine, lose my mind,
Why should I turn this heavenly gathering
Upside down?

Since I have been on the service of such a moon,
How could I run after every star?
Is it possible to give up the moon?

Why should I remember the world
While I am at the seven layers of the sky?
When every angel is jealous of me,
Why should I remember humanity?

43.

Verse 447



my sweet,

How long will I be crying like a “ney”³⁶

Without heart and soul?

O One whose grief burns my soul from inside,

How long can I hide these flames?

My heart has been broken by a friendly enemy,

A tyrant who hurts soul, cuts the flesh.

How long will my body cry from his hands?

I believe in love, O my beauty.

I keep shouting out love screams.

How long will I be

Moaning and groaning in sorrow

Like a prisoner?

Early dawn, your vision wants to come close to me.

But how could he come through the wave of blood,

Especially the time blood is shed?

My troubles melt the stone.

I am neither stone nor iron.

When I mention his name,

My body starts to give sparks.

44.

Verse 453

Whoever asks about the sun,
Show your face, say, "It is like that."
Whoever talks about the moon,
Climb the roof and say, "It is like that."

Whoever wants to see an angel,
Show your face.
Whoever asks for musk,
Spread your hair, say, "That is it."

Whoever asks how could the moon
Slip out of the cloud,
Untie the buttons of your caftan one by one,
Then say, "It is like that."

If someone asks how did
Jesus bring the dead to life,
Give a kiss and say, "That's the way."

Whoever asks, "How does Love's martyr look?"
Show our soul, say, "It is like that."

If someone feels pity and asks my shape,
Show your eyebrow and say,
"His back is bent like that."

How does the soul leave the body,
Then come back later?
Show the one who denies this,

Enter our home, say, "This is it."

If you hear a crying
Coming from lovers everywhere,
"For God's sake, know that for sure
They are all our fables, our stories."

My chest became the home for every angel.
Its color turned to dark blue.
Raise your head, look at the sky,
"It is just like that."

I didn't say the secret
Of the Beloved's Union to anyone
But the morning breeze.
Because of the cleanliness of its own secret,
Morning breeze said, "Yes, it is like that."

If someone questions,
"Will man ever be able to reach God?"
Get two candles of purity on your hand,
Say, "That is it." Make him blind.

I asked, "How could the smell of Joseph
Go from one city to another?"
God's smell came from His world and
Said, "That's the way."

"How could Joseph's smell
Open the blind man's eyes?" I asked.
The wind came from You,
Dazzled my eyes and said,
"That is the way."

Just in case
Shamseddin will do a favor,
Kindly appear from Tebriz.

45.

Verse 467

I have been waiting to hear.
Good news may come suddenly.

The ear that drinks melodies had a custom.
It hears beautiful sounds from the earth
As well as from the sky.

The earthly melodies are only
A small fraction of heaven's.
Somebody's songs are also a
Very small part of mind and soul.

Look at how much thunder does affect nature.
How many flowers bloom?
How many trees grow from this thunder?

A voice of invitation comes to Absence.
"Yes," says Absence,
"I will step on that side with
Joy, greenness and freshness."

When they heard the word of "Elest,"
The tulip and willow became drunk.
They came running from Absence
To the world of Existence.

46.

Verse 473

How could I repent that purple color wine?
Its grapes weren't grown in the earth.
They are crushed in Absence.

Such writing is engraved on our cups:
"One who drinks that
Will be saved from death and contempt."

[The grape of this wine] grows at Tebriz.
It matures and ripens there.
Its wine flows to this side as well as to the hearts.

47.

Verse 476

O moon, his rising is similar
To the rising of two moons.
You rose over their home and country so that
They will remain safe and secure.

O tree whose branches are above
The sky of our imagination,
You gave us such pleasant desire
To harvest your fruits.

The one whose neck You cut,
His neck became longer.
The one whose harvest You burned,
His harvest became more abundant.

The one whose head You cracked
Has risen to greatness.
The one whom You did throw into the well
Has found a bright world there.

O dawn of immortality,
Anyone who has resided in You,
Has reached his wishes.
You are such a city that
You become east for blessing, source for truth.

O bright night, there is no darkness behind You.
Anyone who sees you reaches his wishes
Adorned by You.

Whoever gives up joy and pleasure,
Turns to Absence,
He takes him to His arm again.
That is His custom, His kindness.

“O captive,” He says, “how could you
Get away from My hand?
O humanity,” He says, “come to your senses.
Turn to Me.”

The time of our Union has come,
The time to reach our origin and real faith.
He has already let us smell Him.
Let's go!

Separation is over.
Our real house is here, the place for Arafat.³⁷
Wake up early, make yourself more beautiful.

Listen to the Beloved's advice.
Don't leave Him, O heart, O eyes.
He is my eyes, my soul.

Always stay with me.
Scatter your hair on your face.
I will talk about you to others.
“He didn't move. He was faithful.”

Be silent. Love starts to talk.
In fact, when we meet Him,
We cannot talk.

I kept silent.

**Your heart opened
Hundreds of mouths.
My words are enough.
From now on,
He is the One who talks.
He is the One who sings.**

48.

Verse 490

*L*ove, send your Ab-i hayat
Through our veins, our marrow.
Turn our nights to the mirror
Of morning wine.

O father of a new joy,
Flow through our main vessels.
Become a goblet that shows skies.
Get out from both worlds.

O my beauty, my mind is your prey.
Using a sword is easy for you.
Put my heart like the ring of a bow on your finger.
Aim at my soul.

If the guard of the mind tries to stop you,
Do all the tricks.
Jump. Run. Find excuses.
Get rid of him.

As the old saying goes,
"Red hairs don't have much kindness."
Look at the nobility of red wine.
Accept that statement as a fairy tale.

O one who has been checkmated
In the game of stars,
Choose a horse. Ride toward the King.
Never mind the vizier.

Raise and tilt your hat to the side,
Get rid of all your debts,
Kiss the cheek of Soul,
Start combing the hair of joy.

Ascend the sky. Be the friend of the angels.
Reach the Temple of Truth.
Be a servant at that temple.

Since his beautiful image settled in your heart,
Since you have been changed and
Turned into a spectre,
Go and take your place
Also in the hearts and the minds.

There are two cups.
One if filled by gold,
The other is fire.
Choose the fire and touch it.

Be Abraham. Don't look at the gold.
Make your lips and mouth
Home for the flames.

Attacking lion should be a model for you.
Make the enemy's skull as a bowl.
Drink his blood like wine with music.

Cupbearer, your job is to get rid of the duality.
Come, come, give me that glass of Oneness,
Eliminate the differences.
Eliminate separation.

There are six sides in this country.
Don't look at one Kible here.
Kible is at the land of Absence.
Go, set your nest there.

Time is like a thrift shop.
Don't search for immortality there.
Look for the pasture of immortality
Beyond time.

You resemble the ear of corn.
Your soul is wheat. Your body is straw.
If you are not a donkey,
Why do you graze?
Turn your face to the essence.

Words are the doorknockers,
Always stay outside.
Don't be like that.
Break the door. Get inside.
Walk toward the Soul.

49.

Verse 507

☪ heart, what did you drink yesterday?
Don't hide. Don't turn your face to the sky.
Don't act like an innocent.

You did drink a pure wine.
Eat the appetizer of redemption.
Don't put melon in your mouth.
It takes away the smell of wine.

Your Soul has drunk such a wine at His table
At the day of Elest.
Now, your place is in the land of Absence.
Don't be the slave of time and place.

Yesterday, you spilled the wine and
Ran away from us.
I caught you once more.
Don't do it again.

I am all Yours,
Drunk with the wine of dedication.
For You, I am as straight as an arrow.
Don't bend this arrow like a bow.

O my broken heart,
My cure is to see him.
He is safety and security for me.
I don't trust this world.

O my beauty, all these people are your ney.
You fill everywhere.
If you are not for sema,³⁸
Don't touch the ney.

You said, "I blow from My soul,
Gave breath to everyone."
Since the soul of the ney is your breath,
Don't cry without our breath.

My heart reaches the point to stop.
The knife touches to my bone.
I start crying.
Then He comes and tells me,
"Don't cry. Don't even breathe.

"Don't cry. I will cry for you.
You are a wolf. I am the Shepherd.
Don't act as a shepherd for Me."

Every dawn, You come to us
With a pitcher in Your hand,
And say, "Since You have seen My face,
Don't look at anyone."

Moses, without knowing her,
Drank milk from his mother,
And his mother said,
"Don't pay attention to nannies."

Drink wine, all your body turns into soul.
Look at this agate-color wine.
Don't even think about agate's mine.

Ordinary people's wine is on the outside.
Wine for the Sacred One is inside.
In fact, the smell of the mouth tells the story.
No need for words.

I am like a new moon
Coming from Shamseddin's Tebriz.
Open your eyes. See yourself.
Don't stare at the candle.

50.

Verse 522

○ heart, what did you drink yesterday?³⁹
Tell the truth. Don't hide.
Don't gaze at the sky like an innocent.

You are making a face to hide your secret.
I caught you once more.
Don't do it again.

You did drink pure wine,
Finished the glass of salvation.
Don't put anything into your mouth
That will take the wine's smell off.

He has no feeling of guilt from his robbery.
No one's curse could touch him.
He is not that kind of ruler.
Don't get involved with him for that.

A fool one day got mad and
Left the sultan's assembly.
The sultan told him,
"Go ahead, be a vagabond.
Don't come back to us again."

A person who is very close to us
May be able to get angry.
But don't make yourself
A fool to the world.

The levee of the heart's river has collapsed.
Words are flowing like a torrent.
Look at the soul's torches.
Never mind the motions of the tongue.

51.

Verse 529

I am the jovial merrymaker.
Venus is playing my melodies.
Love is cherishing himself
Among the lovers just for me.

When the lover becomes drunk
And passes out of himself,
He spreads my name around.

The Beloved puts up with me with pleasure,
Brands my face and tells everyone,
"He is my slave."
Even the firmament becomes jealous,
"Why does he do this to someone else
Instead of me?"

I held my head between my hands.
I went beyond existence.
He tells my exaltedness in Absence
To everyone and everything.

Ah, the day turned into evening.
The gazelle of kindness became a lion.
The Beloved got tired from my pleadings.

The Beloved has gone.
My heart became lonely in the mind
All night long.
My mouth was bitter.

I kept saying, "O my heart, O my heart,"
Till the time of morning wine.

The beautiful soul's cupbearer is
Serving glass after glass of wine to the devout
To make him drunk,
To loosen his hands and his feet.

Early dawn, the time comes for morning wine.
When the sun raises its flag in the sky,
My hunchback becomes straight.
I will be rejuvenated again.

The rose store opens.
The small particles, as well as the whole,
Call me.
Iraq ney⁴⁰ praises me with the drum.

I said, "O cupbearer,
If you want to earn my heart,
For God's sake,
Hand this big glass to my master."

He answered, "I did give him wine.
I put him in my heart and soul.
I decorated him with arms and wings,
And I made him fly."

The master is lost now.
He is not in shape to respond
To my witticism.

It is all right if my bloody cupbearer kills me.

To drink wine is for His gift.
To give life is for my altruism.

You are the wine. I am the cup.
You are the water. I am the river.
I am the drunk of the neighbors,
O my cupbearer, O my water carrier.

O the One who controls me, who owns me,
I have lost myself totally in the Divinity.
I sit at the bottom of the jar.

52.

Verse 544

☪ my heart-catching, life-taking Beauty,
Whose face is more beautiful than the moon,
Since You became my friend,
Light of my heart is coming
Flame by flame from my mouth.

My heart became garnet under Your sun.
This muddy body of mine
Changed entirely into heart.

Although Your soul and mine are the same,
Even with that, come closer.
Press Your chest over mine.

I wondered whose shadow
Has fallen on my head.
Your kindness replied, "Mine, Mine, Mine."

This trouble world became Paradise
To me, because of You.
What Your kindness will make
Of my other world for me,
Who knows?

Your hand became my crown
When You touched my head.
Your hair is the belt around my waist.

Love took my purse.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"My endless treasures

Aren't enough for you," He answered.

I didn't have money.

My heart was trembling like a leaf.

"Don't worry," He said,

"You entered into the Harem of My Mercy.

"I will hug you so much that

You will be saved from Existence

As well as Non-Existence.

You will hear My players and singers

All night long.

"I will have you reach Union,

Make you endlessly drunk so that

You will believe My immortal pleasures.

"The breath of My spring turns

The heart to the rose garden.

My ruby-colored wine turns

The face to the rose."

53.

Verse 555

I said to Love last night,
"O my friend, O my Beloved,
Don't leave me a moment.
Don't ever let me be alone.

"You are the light of my eyes.
Don't go away from my eyes.
You are the flame of my heart.
Don't deprive me from Your sparks.

"You are my Beloved, my friend.
You are my beautiful, graceful charmer.
You are my garden, my spring.

"My body has been ruined by You.
You turned my eyes into clouds.
This restless heart of mine became
A particle to Your sun.

"Open Your mouth. Solve my problem.
Cheer my heart.
Where are my 'fives and sixes' going
In the gambling I am involved in?

"Let's see: What will come out
From this impregnated evening?
Tell me where my sane drunkenness will reach.

"Let's see: What will my praise

And gratitude be good for?
Let's see: What will my cry and
My will be effective on?"

"How lucky," He said, "that
You are bent by Our sorrow.
O one who became obliged to Me,
You are in good shape in the world.

"You are My drunk. You lowered yourself
Because of Me.
O my wine-worshipping lover,
Whoever carries My load, eats My fruits.

"Go ahead, action and amusement are all yours.
Start the carousel all over again
Because a human can gain the power of sight
Just waiting for Me."

"How do you bring the dead to life?"
I asked.
"Teach me a lesson. Revive my body.

"Don't search any other than my dead body.
Revive him with Your Glory that
This dead body of mine turns into a soul."

"Haven't you seen that from me, again and again?
Haven't you learned from the lesson?
Haven't you believed in My power?" He said.

"O my Sultan, O my Padishah," I said.
"The heart has seen; seen, but

How could he be contented
By Your favors, by Your wonders?"

Then love came suddenly,
Grabbed my ear, pulled me into a corner,
Bewitched me.
His spell is prey in my heart's trap.

O soul, don't say what has happened
By His spell.
Don't make a sound. Don't brag.
Don't be belligerent.
If you do, you are not my intimate, my confidant.

54.

Verse 571

My God, I wish I knew:
What is the intention of my Beloved?
He has taken my heart. My decision went away
And blocked my escape route.

My God, I wish I knew,
Where is he pulling me?
He grabbed me by the neck,
Keeps pulling me.
Why? Where? For what reason?

My God, I wish I knew
Why my merciful Sultan
Became so stonehearted,
That Beauty of mine,
The one who is all I have.

My God, I wish I knew
If my wails and my rising smoke
Will ever reach to
The ear of my Beloved.
Will he be able to hear them?

My God, I wish I knew
Where he would pull me at the end.
My God, this night of waiting
Has become so long.

My God, what is this exuberance?

Why is this curtain in front of me?
Because my One is You,
My thousand is You.

Talking or in silence, every moment,
Your love, Your vision in my eye,
You are my daily bread.
You are my everlasting time.

I name him as "prey," sometimes as "spring."
I call him as "wine,"
"My drunkenness" another time.

He is my curse. He is my faith.
He is my eye to see the light.
Also, he is the light of my eye.
He is my this. He is my that.
I can't give him up.

I have lost patience and my sleep.
I have no tears or face left.
My God, how long will he pillage
My poor belongings?

Where is the house made by mud?
Where is the house of heart and soul?
O my God, I miss my real home and country.

O heart, you have been exiled from your town.
You are left alone at black dirt,
Crying, "Where is my friend, my family?
Where is my town?"

My God, I wish I would see again
The compassion of my Sultan
And all my friends and loved ones.

He swept my rough road,
Took the heavy load off of my shoulders.
My agile Beloved relieved me from my
Heavy burden.

My lion hunter gazelle
Nourishes from my milk.
I am his prey.
But the day will come, I'll hunt him.
He will become my prey.

This black-faced night
Cannot become the peer to my morning.
The stonehearted autumn
Can't come after my spring.

You don't know how to stop,
O my lips who act like the doorkeeper.
How long will you beat the drum?
Here, the curtain has fallen now.

55.

Verse 588

○ my beauty who surmises bad things,
What are you dreaming?
O my moon-faced beauty
Who resembles the soul,
I turned into a dream
Because of your face.

When my soul sees your
Spectre after your death,
He will follow forever.

I am a slave, a servant for that face,
For that beauty.
I have nothing from maturity.
Your maturity is enough for me.
Yours is a little bit mine.

I don't get close to myself.
I don't look at my face.
My eyes that see secret and
Concealed things
Don't want to see
Shame and imperfection.

In order to see nothing but moon,
My beautiful Creator fixed my eyes
To the moon,
Not to the Venus in my sky.

I can't get my eyes off of you.
How can I see anyone else?
Your light is the guard on both eyes.

Times have been cheered
Because of the Beauty of the time.
Earth and sky are purified
Because of that moon
That can't be contained by earth and sky.

Since Shamseddin swayed his sleeve
From Tebriz,
My sill hasn't been dried
Yet by my tears.

56.

Verse 596

O my crescent of Bairam,
Show yourself so that Bairam
Sees real Bairam.
O my invisible moon-faced,
Show yourself. Pull the ear of the moon.

O my existence, my absence,
O my rage and my contentment,
O my truth, my presentation,
O my key and my lock,

My foundation, my essence,
My mosque and my church,
My hell, my heaven,
My old and my brand new,

Your oppression turned into fidelity.
Your trouble becomes remedy.
Where can one find a charmer like you?
O eye of my soul, O my sight.

Before the soul was ever created,
Your kindness gave Soul to souls.
Everybody wanted to have one,
Yet You are all I want.

O my Beautiful,
Your face is like Bairam's moon.
Your hair is Kadir's night.

My dirt will be cleaned
When I arrive at your quarters.

The body resembles a Sufi convent.
Thoughts are like Sufis.
They sit in a circle,
My heart in the center like Bayazid.⁴¹

I shouldn't talk. Keep silence.
I should frown to the people
So you'll talk with me.
You are the one I should benefit.
You should be the one next to me.

57.

Verse 604

Beloved is holding my harness,
Pulling me like a camel again.
His business is to pull the one who chooses.
Mine is to carry the load.

He made me the head of the caravan,
Put all the drunk camels in there.
He is pulling me.

I am his drunk camel
Who worships the thorn.
Sometimes he pulls my harness.
Sometimes he rides on me.

The drunk camel becomes excited,
Breaks everything around.
But no camel will ever find out
What pleasure I have experienced.

When I am exalted, I reach his hand.
When I touch him, my blood boils.
Smoke comes out from the top of my head.

I would work and carry loads like camels.
When I carry the weight,
Watch the greatness in my work.

When his narcissus eyes drink my blood,
He sobers from drunkenness.

My patience would win over his.

The image of his face became Kible to my eyes.
His golden words became earrings to my ears.

“What do you say about beauty?”
Asks the garden.
“Let me show the beauty
When my spring arrives.”

Asks the wine,
“What is this hangover?
You haven’t experienced my wine.”

You are a white falcon.
Go and tell the hunter.
“Yes,” he says. “You are my hunter.
You are my prey.”

The first verse of this poem
Was about a camel.
That’s why this poem became long.
O my smart Sultan,
Don’t expect to see a short camel.

58.

Verse 616

I just don't have you enough.
That is my trouble.
O my support in both worlds.
You also don't have enough troubles
That I gave you.

The jar has gotten tired of me.
So have the water carrier and his water bag.
But my water- thirsty fish
Is getting thirstier in every moment.

Break the jar. Pierce the bag.
I am going to the sea. Clear my way.

How long will the earth
Become muddy by my tears?
How long will the sky
Be darkened by my grief and
The smoke of my sorrow?

How long will my heart keep hurting?
O my poor ruined heart,
How long will my lips cry to
My Sultan's image?

Go to the sea.
Find out how pure and clean it is.
The waves are getting rough.
Look and see how my house

And my being are submerged into it.

Last night, the Fountain of Life
Sprang up in the middle of my house.
My Joseph fell into my well last night
Like a moon.

Suddenly a torrent came,
Wiped away all my harvest.
A smoke rose from my heart,
Burned the wheat, burned the straw.

I have lost my threshing, but I don't mind.
Moon-faced's splendor is worth
Hundreds of harvests,
More than enough for me.

His fiery image entered into my heart.
My heart is the one that is burned.
My heart is accustomed to his heat.

He said, "Sema lowers people's esteem of you.
You lose your rank."
"You can have the rank," I said.
"His love is my destiny and my rank."

I don't need reason or the intellect.
His knowledge is enough for me.
In the middle of the night,
The splendor of his face is daylight for me.

Sorrow is gathering his soldiers,
But I don't care.

**My army reached to the sky,
Squadron by squadron.**

**My heart repents for the words
After every poem,
But God's desire cuts the way of my heart.**

59.

Verse 630

O my moon-faced beauty
Who adds souls to my soul,
I can't have enough from you.
Don't be harsh to me. I don't deserve it.

I am in the fire, but O my good fortune,
When you cast your shadow over me,
All the troubles, all my troubles,
Become pleasure for me.

Once the love offers sweets to the drunks,
The taste of my trouble
Lowers the price of sugar.

Aloes-wood smells in my smoke.
One who envies me becomes blind.
My body gets bigger and bigger.
My robe became tight to me.

At that time, earth also starts
Turning like the sky,
Keeps whirling, particle by particle,
And saying, "Pity, pity me."

Your image came to me yesterday,
Said, "Don't worry."
"I don't worry, O Beauty
Whose trouble is the remedy," I answered.

"The grief is your slave and servant.
Both worlds are under your control.
But if you want to reach me,
Stay away from both," He said.

"When death comes,
When my soul jumps out of my body,
My legs should be broken if
I follow," I said.

"Yes," He said, "look at the rose.
Even if accident or faith cuts his neck,
He still puts his head
Under the feet of my commendation."

"If I make a face because of jealousy,
I am afraid the evil eye will
Touch the eminence of my Beloved," I said.

"Never mind the evil eye," He said.
"Evil eye could only touch the mud.
He cannot reach my Beauty."

I said, "I had stayed in the mud
For a couple of days.
I was anxiously waiting to be saved."

"You are not in the mud," He said.
"That is your shadow.
My soul-catching power will
Pull you out from that world."

Since my Beauty said these words,

My mind went out of my head.
Even Akl-i kull⁴² couldn't get the smell
From the rest of the story.
Where is my place?
Who am I?

60.

Verse 644

Spring gets life from my source,
And sets gatherings to get rid of my hangover.

For the brave, I was the heart.
For the forbearer, I was the strength.
The charm of my Beloved charmed my heart
As well as my decision.

I became sharp after
His love showed my blindness.
After that, He said,
"Go away. You haven't seen
The sharpness of my Zulfikar."⁴³

I have been tamed under His tough feet.
I wonder what else I may have to go through yet.

O my Beautiful,
Don't boil the meal which has already been cooked.
My smoke goes up the sky from the saucepan.

Come back to your senses.
The smoke of my heart is aware of your sorrow.
I hope the secret of my poor heart
Won't reach the sky.

In front of you,
Soul escaped from the inferno of the body.
My bashful eyes gave up their modesty.

61.

Verse 651

O my beautiful performer
Who has a beautiful voice,
Sing another melody,
Sing a different tune about love.

You are the player of my soul.
You are Noah's Ark for me.
You are my openness and my closedness.
You are the Beloved who has
No beginning of the beginning.

My soul is merry with you.
I wish he would never be without you.
The heart gave my soul to you.
Now he sits with your sorrow.

The sorrow always tastes bitter to the human,
But love's sorrow is different. It is like sugar.
Don't look at the sorrow of love
With the same eye.

The house turns into the grave
When love's sorrow leaves.
Everyone in the house
Has succumbed into grief.

Dust of the soil you step on
Is the salve to our eyes.
Your trouble is the comfort for us.

O Sultan who creates the human,
Who could be Your peer?

I was nothing but doubt and suspicion.
Since I have known You,
I dissolved like salt.
In fact, when doubt reaches full faith,
It disappears.

I am like a night with the darkness of heart.
You are a beautiful moon who guides us.
Night will go away in front of such a moon.

Love came close to the soul because of You.
Reason started to read the blackboard
Because of You.
The place and mine are looking through
Your bits and pieces.
The sea has been harvesting pearls
Because of You.

Your drunk behaved insolently,
Became disgusted from both worlds.
Love is Your envoy
And is accepted everywhere as a hero.

62.

Verse 661

I have seen a nice dream.
O dream interpreter of the time,
Come listen to my dream. Tell me about it.

I saw the moon in my dream.
What does this mean?
Dream solves the problems
In the past and the future.

I have seen such a moon that
Peace of heart comes from its light.
The face shines and glitters with that light.
Peace of heart reflects on it.

That day there are faces. They shine and smile.
There are faces. They are content
By their work and happy.⁴⁴

Get rid of those savage animals.
They may hurt the mind and intelligence.
We should put cotton to our ears so that
We won't hear the people's gossip.

Only a few counted breaths are left in our life.
How long shall we go on dreaming our fancies?
Why are you staying in the basement?
There is nobody at home.

Night has passed. It is morning now.

Don't sleep in somnolence.
Besides, the faith won't let you sleep
By its light.

Mongols came fast, squadron by squadron,
Early morning's sky impregnated
By hatred and dissent.
Go ahead, split the belly of the sky.
It may deliver this immature baby to life.

Walk toward the brightness.
How long will you be talking about
Mongols and Armenians?
How long will you be talking about
Your collars and your sleeves?
Put on the shroud. Take your sword.
Go ahead.

It was five Zilkade,⁴⁵ Saturday evening,
The year was six hundred fifty-four.⁴⁶

An uproar came from the city.
There was an earthquake.
Really the city turned upside down.

Go ahead. Leave the city.
Watch the world's quake.
See this new rotation in the sky.

Look at the sea and see the alligator.
Watch the sky-colored sea.
Look at the waves. There is an alligator in
These waves made by fire.

Look at the sleeping alligator.
How did he swallow the soul's Jonah,
The Jonah that used to praise God,
Who is free from all faults?

It is such a sea that is beyond six dimensions.
It stands free by itself,
Contains no forms or shapes.

That absolute purity never changes,
But our eyes are dazzled by
Moving particles of water and earth
And the movement of shapes on the soil.

His hand that worships wrong
Spoils our wine.
Come on. Let's cut his neck.

We shouldn't even mention his name.
This would be punishment for him.
Hatred comes after hearing something.
One who is not aware doesn't hate.

A lover went to the charms writer,
Asked an amulet.
After writing a charm, he said to the lover,
"Bury it in the ground.

"But," he said, "when burying it,
Never think about a monkey.
If you do, you'll never reach your beloved."

The lover ran around to bury the amulet,

But the monkey was in his mind all the time.
Wherever he went, the monkey showed his face.

He said, "Oh, wouldn't it be nice
If you didn't mention the monkey?"
The one who was expecting help from the charm
Didn't have the monkey either
In his heart or in his mind.

He said, "Don't poke the needle to the wound."
O Husammeddin,⁴⁷ don't fall asleep.
Change yourself to a form of dream.

63.

Verse 684



Beloved who burns, and
Sends my smoke up to the sky,
Don't torment me. Don't make my enemy happy.

Don't increase my sorrow.
Don't make the envier happy.
He would be so glad if I disappeared.

O my pure sugar, don't destroy my hope.
Don't throw my life into disarray.
I won't tear my sky-color shirt from your hand.

You are the one who caught my heart.
You are the one who illuminates my life.
You are my garden, my orchard, my spring.
My whole being is only for you.

You took my sleep at night.
You are my friend, my intimate.
You showed me a new way of plunder,
But you are my only gain.

My soul, my world, Venus of my sky,
Your fire is in my heart and resembles the
Aloe wood tree.

Once, I had no flesh.
I was the soul only.
I was with You in Heaven.

**There was no talk or hearing
Between us.**

64.

Verse 691

☉ my lively cupbearer, come like fire.
Don't even wait a moment,
O my beauty, whose breath
Is my friend and confidant,
Whose face is my spring.

The rooster did crow.
Morning wine smells all over,
Pick up my wine glass with your hand
That resembles the ocean.

Get rid of the cry. Make it smile.
Bring the dead back to life with the wine.
If you do that, O my moon-faced beauty,
My life would be completed.

It is difficult to unfasten my binds.
Untie the knots, one by one, so
My secrets and my open ones
Come to the surface.

O my love, my support,
O my friend, my family,
Don't be shy. Make wishes.

It is not proper for your drunks to drink wine
From another's hand.
The wine you offer turns my face to the rose,
Relieves my hangover.

Do favor to thousands of souls.
Offer them wine of the sky so that
The stately bird of soul would fly to the sky
Like a drunk.

The soul would be saved
From the wounds and braces.
My just truth would sit
At the throne of justice.

Serve the wine, but secretly.
Offer through the mind and soul
So that no one could reach
My pleasure and my drunkenness.

O my cautious Sultan,
It is better to close the eyes of the ordinary.
Save the soul from the city,
Calm the troubles and instigations.

The wine keeps sparkling.
The soul is filled by thousands of hopes.
The wine is riding the horse.
The soul is trying to reach the wine by foot.

Give up this glass.
Pick up the glass of enlightenment.
Brightness of my light would reflect
On your sorrow and troubles.
It will wipe them out.

This wine is worthless,
Comparing the other wine.

Sell this, and get the other wine.
It won't be spoiled and doesn't upset the stomach.
Come and see my divine wine.

The cup of this wine is filled with life.
Its jar is sealed by musk and ambergris.
Satan as well as angels are crazy for that wine.
My agility comes from that,
As well as my reputation all around the world.

Come, O cupbearer, you tell us,
Who could praise or tell better than you?
Come, O one who tears my woof and warp,
Because of this garment made
By His kindness.

65.

Verse 706

☪ moon-faced, how long
Will you stay away from my place?
How long will you be wandering around?
Doesn't matter, idol or shaman,
We are all your prey.

You give a different excuse in every moment.
Every moment, you show
Thousands of gifts from Absence.

Although my house is crowded,
Your place is still my heart.
Loyalty comes from the believer's
Faith and compassion.

I have so much guilt, but I am not your enemy.
O my Sultan, how could anyone become
Enemy to his own soul?

O love's player, come!
Don't be lazy.
Tell the stories of this Beauty.
Sing from the lover's songs.

His separation is like a deep well.
Remembering him is like a rope.
Joseph also grabbed the rope
At the bottom of the well.

Search the taste in the sugar cane.
Don't chew dry wood.
Look for salvation from His beauty,
Not from Hosan's father.⁴⁸

Submit your will, then make a wish.
For sure, your wish will come true.
If you are Taif's ⁴⁹ leather,
Star of Canopus⁵⁰ will rise from Yemen.

When His sun shines and starts giving sustenance,
Look around you.
Watch every particle.
They all have light in their mouths.

Beautiful rose got more sustenance,
But some also fell into the mouth of jasmine.

He gave long life, intelligence, and
Understanding to the Indian,
But He also gave beauty, charm, and
Greatness to Hutun's beauty.⁵¹

Wealth and properties belong to big ones.
Love is only for the small.
The aggressor has the sword.
Kindness has the shield.

Every night, somebody's lips touch God's honey,
Just like a man who has four wives.

For me, as long as I live,
My sugar cane is love.

When I die, my shroud is love.

I am fond of wine. Don't sober me.
Keep serving my wine.
I am tiny, lean, a nursing baby.
Don't wean me.

When I am grieved by sorrow,
Love keeps me company,
Becomes friend and relative to me.
If sorrow and grief are the dragon,
Love is the emerald.⁵²

I said to my heart,
"If the gloom of sorrow blocks your way,
I'll bring wine, a candle, and
A beautiful cupbearer to you."

My heart answered,
"If you bring a candle beside Him,
A cupbearer beside Him,
Go ahead, throw that candle
To the roof above the door;
Also, the cupbearer, cup, and the wine."

66.

Verse 724

○ joy of soul, O peace of the heart,
I came to ask your pardon.
Forgive the soul because of its fault.

Your consent is the only one,
Opens the door of the mind and heart.

Your separation burned my
Grassland and my rose garden.
Revive them. Make them green
With your kindness.

Heart's hangover cannot be relieved
Without your wine merchant.
Soul's business doesn't go smoothly
Without the curve of your eyebrow.

The heart is enlightened, back and forth,
When you become east and rise.
The souls are sacrificed every moment
When you take care of the heart.

Your sparks on the heart's window
Give me eyes and sight and mind.
The soul learns a lesson from that.

The road to the Beloved is folded
When One falls into the grief of separation.
God is the only friend to the soul

On the way to God.

Arms of the soul will be filled with red roses
When these secret men's heights
Reach the size of the rose sapling,
And their faces turn into roses.

I mentioned, "He is my close friend.
He is the cave's friend."⁵³
Come to the cave of my heart.

At the place the heart is tested,
"I am God," said the heart.
That moment the bottom of the gallows
Became the kingdom for the heart.

The winter punishes the garden
That became green without You.
Soul is not considered as soul
If it comes to life without You.

Your trap showed the bait to the eyes of your prey.
Your love filled the house to the door of the soul.

Half of the words have been said.
Be silent. Don't say the others.
The Sultan of Soul will relate
Your words to others.⁵⁴

67.

Verse 737

Your bashful face eliminated my bashfulness.
Your belligerence led me into
Trials and turbulences.
Malevolence became home to me.

Moon is a servant at Your door,
Begging Your attention.
O my beautiful Sultan,
Appear to me even a short moment.

O One who holds my heart in His hand,
"I am a worthless piece of straw on Your way.
I am coming from a long way.
Listen to my story."

I keep turning around the sky.
I am full sometimes, empty in others.
O my heart, O my soul,
You are the One who took the peace
And decision from my soul.

I whirl around You.
But where are You?
O One whose door is my door of mercy,
I stay just outside of Your door.

Love is the one who cut my umbilical cord.
My tava^{f55} is just to turn around You.
My words are only Your translation.

Sometimes I am becoming like a ruby;
Other times, like a horseshoe.
Come once more to my treasure that
I will tell Your kindness.

“How long will you be talking?”
He asked.
I am not tired of them
Because my words are flowing
Toward Your place.

68.

Verse 745

I haven't had any patience left.
From now on, I will tell your secrets.
Neither earth nor sky can stand my suffering.

My heart is filled by sorrows.
Yours is indifferent, doesn't even care.
Your face is as beautiful as a Chinese beauty.
My face is full of wrinkles.

This world will almost be burned out.
How long will my heart still be burning?
How long may this go on like that?
O my beauty, how long will this last?

I am drunk.
I will spread around a thousand year old secret.
Either close your eyes
Or open them and watch nicely.

Moon has seen my exuberance,
Turned from his way, and came close to me.
"Don't make noise," He said.
"I am your friend. I hang around you."

My eyes are blurred.
I look at his face one moment.
"O my most beautiful charmer," I said,
"O my fiery beauty made by the water."

O my beauty,
His face which adds souls to Soul
Is exactly like that.
For God's sake, this is my
Heart-catching player.

I have been covered by your love.
Scatter water to my fire.
O secret moon of that world,
O Shamseddin at Tebriz.

69.

Verse 753

Your eyes, your rose-colored face,
Your cheeks are most beautiful.
What did you drink last night?
O heart, tell the truth,
For your soul's sake.

Your name is "Troublemaker."
Your trap is full of sugar.
Your glass gives joy.
Your bread is tasty.

Even the dead will know you are drunk.
How long can you hide?
The wine reveals all your secrets.

My crying heart smells like roasted meat.
Yet, the smell of wine is coming
From your breath,
From your talks.

For God's sake,
Either you come and talk,
Or make me your proxy so that
I can say a few words from your mouth.

You showed only a small piece
Of your immortal beauty.
Yet that was enough to make
The beauty of all beauties disappear.

My eyes have seen things that
No one has ever seen again.
My master came as a drunk in ecstasy,
Because of You.

Every moment, you are asking me,
“What has happened to you? Are you crazy?”
“No mind has been left in your slave
Because of your sorrow.”

I kept raining tears to your door,
Every dawn like a winter cloud,
Then I wipe your doorsill with my sleeve.

I didn't have a trace of life
Till I found your trace,
Doesn't matter if I go to the east or west,
Or ascend to the sky.

I used to be a devout of this town.
I had my own pulpit.
An accident of heart
Made me a hand- clapping lover to You.

I take an oath for God that
I haven't drunk the wine of earth people.
But I got so drunk sometimes
I worried if you became suspicious.

Patience has flowed out of my heart.
Reason has escaped from my head.
I wonder, where is your
Cruel drunkenness pulling me?

Your love is like a black lion,
Crushing my bones.
Aren't you my protector?
Where is my security?

O Tebriz, for God's sake,
Tell Shemseddin again.
Tell him that
"These two worlds are
Jealous for your world."

70.

Verse 768

Come to your senses. You walk swaying
Street to street, house to house like a drunk.
What did you drink?

Who has been your friend?
From whom did you steal a kiss?
Whose hair did you untie, curl by curl?

No, who can be your friend?
O the light of every eye,
You go secretly from one river to the other,
One pond to the other like a fish.

Tell the truth. Don't hide.
Don't turn your face from lovers.
Where is the fountain?
Tell that I would carry the water
Pitcher by pitcher.

O my Beauty,
My heart, my soul are all yours.
My heart that resembles a bottle
Drank your wine glass by glass.

Last night, your image was looking
For me in the crowd.
He couldn't recognize this slave.
We couldn't see each other eye to eye.

When he recognized this servant,
"Hey," he said, "come back home.
How long will you be fooling around?"

"You have spent all your life
On the journey with good and evil,
Malice and good deed,
Just like the women who go
From one room to the other,
From one husband to the other."

I said to him, "O soul's messenger,
O One who was the reason of
Revelation of soul Ayet,
You give me the one you drink.
Never mind the gossip."

He answered,
"If you drink the spark of eternity,
It will burn your mouth and your throat.
You will yell and scream.

"God gave the right-sized morsel to everyone.
Don't ask for one that is bigger than
You can swallow."

"Heart and soul will be sacrificed.
Where is soul's wine?" I asked.
"I am not the kind of person
Who will be scared from yells and screams.

"The person who is scared and runs away
From this wine without tasting

Should have his mouth and throat cut.
The one who is lame on this road
Is enemy for me.

“One who hasn’t tasted this wine,
Even if he is the sultan of sultans,
Is still nothing.
He is someone whose hand is cut
And left at the terrace of the monastery.”

Be silent.
Be the confidant of good and bad,
But don’t give your secret
To the one whom you haven’t tried.

71.

Verse 783

Come to your senses.

How could one who is a small piece of this world
Be able to escape from this world?
How can wetness be out of water?
First cannot be separated from the last one.

O son,
No fire could be extinguished
With another fire.
Love is the one that bleeds my heart.
Don't wash my blood with other blood.

I kept running away from my shadow,
But the shadow always stayed with me.
Even if I become thin like a hair,
The shadow will still represent me.

Sun is the only one that could
Eliminate the shadows.
Sun makes them big or small.
Look for this talent only in the sun.

If you run two thousand years
After your shadow,
You will never catch it.
You will be always behind your shadow.

Adoration is your sin.
Your fortune is your trouble.

Your candle is the source of your darkness.
The search you do is your bind.

I may break your heart
If I explain you.
You can't mend the heart's glass
Once it is broken.

Do hear this from me:
You need both, light and shadow.
They have to be together.
Put your head in front of the tree of "Beware"⁵⁶
And grow tall.

When you mature on His tree of kindness,
When you grow wings, keep quiet.
Don't "coo" like a pigeon.

The frog swims in the water and
Is safe from the snake.
But when the frog starts singing
The snake will find him.

A tricky frog may sound like a snake,
But his voice and his breath tell the truth.

If that frog keeps his mouth shut,
The snake may become prey for him.
A grain of barley and a measuring cup,
Once they are in the treasure,
Will be considered as treasure.

Should I finish the words here, or continue?

**Command is Yours, O my beautiful Sultan.
Who am I?**

I have been on the road following your air.
 But I vow, I am not aware that
 I am on the journey.
 Whatever has happened, it was a happy one.

You put on that belt and wear red caftans,
 But in the meantime, you made me cry
 For that belt.

You rose like the moon and became
 Moon to moons.
 I turned lean like a new moon
 Because of that moon.

Everything I have, all Your images,
 They are the mirror of Your beautiful face.
 I vow, my eyes are full of tears.
 My lips are dry because of the fire of my heart.

Since You opened ruby lips,
 Scattered the load of sugar in front,
 I became a broken-winged fly on Your sugar.

A trap is always dangerous for arm and feet.
 But I vow I acquired new arms
 And feet in Your trap.

The light of every dawn comes
 From Tebriz of Shams.

I **v**ow, I resemble dawn, waiting
For the sun to come, all the time.

73.

Verse 803

What is that attracting me
To Him in every breath?
It is not ambergris. It is not musk.
That is His smell, His smell.

There is a priceless fetter,
Enemy of repentances,
Made me break my vow.
But who am I?
He is the One who throws the stone.
The broken vase is still His.

How can anyone repent in front
Of such a Beauty?
He breaks them all.
It is His custom to shear the curtains,
Snatch hearts.

My repentance for Him,
Yes, He is the One who breaks my vow.
Once I saw His face,
All my penitence and guilt were gone.

Reason and soul's tree and its branches
Are all in His garden.
The water of immortality
Flows on His stream.⁵⁷

Love and joy of the wine are all from Him.

His cheers come from everywhere.

One who is conceited sits at the top
Like a pumpkin.
But till he empties himself
From his existence,
His pumpkin will never be filled.

All these shadows, big and small,
And their motions result from
The sun of soul.

He is the light. He is the shadow.
He is the One who contracts.
He is the One who expands.
The light is the reflection of His face.
The shadow is from His hair.

O soul's sun, O soul's moon,
Lift this veil so that
The sky also tears seven layers of curtain.

Whatever I have in my being besides You
Is a burden to me.
O Beautiful, in front of Your Essence,
Every "self" is annihilated.

74.

Verse 814

The stone will be split open
If he desires for Your Union.
If the soul feels Your joy,
He will grow arms and wings and
Fly to the sky.

The fire melts and becomes water.
Reason loses its balance and falls.

Patience tears its dresses.
Mind loses itself.
Your love that resembles a dragon
Eats men and mountain.

Don't stop the one who is on the go.
Don't change the smile to the cry.
Don't torment Your slave.
He doesn't have anyone but You.

How could my words go straight
As long as Your water flows in the river?
Sometimes I am ashamed so much that
I could hardly breathe.

What is the food for Your love?
My burned lung.
What is my ruined heart for?
It is a faithful counter for You.


The jar keeps fermenting.
Harp keeps playing and praising You.
Who is drinking wine?

Love came through my door,
Put his hand to my head.
When he saw me alone,
He felt sorry for me.

I saw that the house is inaccessible.
The place is terrible. The situation is bad.
The heart has gone.
I lay down in front of Your feet.

75.

Verse 823

on, I vow, your head, your soul, that
There is no one like you.
Look at the mirror. Watch yourself.
Who is more beautiful than you?

Kiss your own face.
Say secrets to your ear.
See your own beauty.
Praise yourself.

Your secret is not temporary.
Your coyness is not in vain.
Your secret is about you.
Your coyness is for yourself.

Go away, O reason, go away so that
I will be saved from good and bad.
Go away, heart. You also go away so that
I won't give you what you deserve.

You are the father. You are the son.
You are the sugar cane. You are sugar.
Who else beside you? Tell me.

You open the closed mouth.
What is the priceless agate?
Tell me, how can I measure you?
You are the mine of agate.

Whatever has grown is your shadow.
O son, your phoenix is the one
Who casts his shadow on both worlds.

76.

Verse 830

Bairam doesn't give cheer unless one watches
Your crescent-shaped brows.
Drum and tambourine don't sound good
Without Your magic touch.

My heart gets closer to You in every moment,
Yet You become more distant.
But my heart is not shamed,
Begging Your attention.

Swagger, be extolled, the sun and moon
Are Your proof.
Sugar and honey are Your coyness.

Your moon-face read the Ayef⁸ to the world.
Source of every happiness is Your beautiful face
And from Your new year.

Clean and pure water is Yours.
Garden, orchard, and sapling are all Yours.
Your sapling drinks only
Your pure and clean water.

Thrones, palaces, gardens and
Meadows are Yours.
When Your morning breeze blows,
Trees start dancing.

Sky is Your kitchen.

Stars are in Your kitchen.
Fire and water are Your properties.
All creatures are Your children.

Love is Your smallest name.
The sky is Your lowest roof.
The brightness of all suns is a faint light
From a pale moon.

This world's lips are dried
By looking at the sparkles of Your mirage.
If Your mirage is like that,
I wonder, what will Your pure clean water do?

Your kindness makes the dry tree
Green and grow.
What would soul and heart do
When they meet You?

Your beautiful nature changes poison into sugar.
The stone becomes a jewel.
Night turns into the dawn.

There are so many words in my heart,
But I close my mouth.
I turn my ears to Your words.

77.

Verse 842

O beautiful, since there is wine,
Don't try to hide. Don't say no.
Don't show your empty hand.
Fill up the jar.

O player who relieves the sorrow,
Don't throw stones at this jar.
A pitcher of water taken from God's door
Doesn't decrease the water of the river.

Just like when Moses set up
A banquet with his hand,
And sorcerers sacrificed their souls
For that wine,
Serve the wine with that glass, O cupbearer.

Come forward. Serve openly.
Wine of love should be served like that.
Today is Bairam for everyone.
It doesn't matter even if it is Ramadan.

Just to spite one double-faced, counterfeit one,
Move the leaves and branches,
Scatter the vast kindness and endless favor.

Put the dice that you grabbed in your hand.
Don't ask back the thing
You pledged to us.

Because of my Beloved,

The one who died last year came back to life.
Because of that Jesus nature,
He started smiling inside of his coffin.

O one who denies the Day of Judgment,
Don't be stupid. Come and see.
All the cypress statue beauties
Have grown like grass at this garden.

Everyone remained silent,
But the secret world is talking mute now,
Giving sermons without the humdrum of gossip.

78.

Verse 851

O my silver-bodied,
I vow your soul that,
Because of your silver body,
My body has also become silver.
I vow your soul that I won't die,
Because of the wine you served.

Hurt me. I go through lots of troubles.
I enjoy that.
I vow your soul, I am in the fire,
But I am pure gold.

In every breath I take,
My breath comes to life.
I am headless, but I vow your soul that
I became the soul of the top.

Your love is dressed like a doctor,
Came and gave me a potion.
I drank that, but
I vow your soul that
I became worse.

The light of both eyes merges with moonlight.
I vow your soul that
You were moon risen in my soul.
I am the eye.

Everything in front of the eyes

Could be repaired and built again.
I vow your soul that
I am ruined, destroyed by your eyes.

There is a great tree at Shamseddin's Tebriz.
I vow your soul that
Because of that tree,
I am cheerful and green.

79.

Verse 858

I have this burning desire
To reach You, to meet You.
I am stubbornly insisting with that desire.
In order to reach Your zeal,
I will give this unfaithful soul.

You cheer my heart with Your kind touch.
This is one of Your thousands of favors.
What can I do for You in return?

My power and my strength are my gratitude,
My praise on You.
The most valuable salve to my eye is
The dirt You stepped on.

If You didn't give a taste,
The ground wouldn't become green.
The sky won't be able to turn
If he hasn't heard Your call.

The world of rose saplings is dressed
By Your green and red garments.
Your days are the hope of night travelers.

If the faces of people were
Not the mirror of Your face,
I would run away from the people and
Hide in the mountains.

Dehri⁵⁹ is the one who denies
Coming back to life after death.
For sure, he is an unlucky one,
Yet Your immortality also gives him immortality.

How could this world
Which looks like a barn, full of plants,
Animals, and stones,
Come to existence from nothing
Without the pull of Your ambergris?

Without Your call, "Ho, Ho,"
How could this humdrum of life be
Buried into the heart of the earth?

Suddenly a favor comes.
Who brings that?
O heart, that is also from the grace
Of your God.

One particle tells the other,
"How long are we going to fly in the air?"
Particles and air are all in Your beautiful hand.

Weather changes in hundreds of forms
From dawn to dusk.
In every shape, it whirls and dances
For You.

Even if you don't see the moving air,
Watch the trees or
See the souls dancing around God.

Enough. Be silent.

Let everyone listen to their own words.

No all the characters can be in love with you.

80.

Verse 872

O One who is the mercy for all troubles,
We are looking for Your mercy.
Soul of everything and everyone is pleasant
Because of Your soul.

You are the Sultan of the world.
You are the origin, the essence of everything.
Since You are ours,
We have no problem from the ones
Who belong to You.

O my moon-faced,
The cloud of Your grief came last night,
Told me hundreds of impossible things.

My heart jumped and went toward Your image.
O my charming beauty.
Everything is in place at Your time.

My soul at this world is yearning
To reach to Your world.
I have Your fire in my mouth.

Neither my body nor my soul
Has left a trace on the way to Your love.
I am going like fire to find Your trace.

After seeing Your gem,
This slave has limped and stopped

At Your door.

O Jeweler, I stand next to Your store.

If you loosened that belt,

The heart and soul would rejoice.

O my well-dressed beauty,

Take off that belt.

Take off, and look at my soul.

Turn it into a gold mine.

I would reach Your mine at Shamseddin's Tebriz.

81.

Verse 881

One whose heart is full of words
Yet remained silent,
Read "Hel eta" chapter [in the Koran],⁶⁰
Say the epigram of La feta.⁶¹

Put on the tent of soul at the top of the sky.
Raise the waves from the heart of the sea.
Tear the bag of existence.
Let those two or three water carriers go.

If you started the journey from your being
And went beyond yourself,
You would be saved from both worlds.
Of whom are you afraid?
Say openly.

Do you know where is that
Beautiful ruby-colored wine?
Climb to the top of our head,
Scatter sparkles to our heart,
And then answer.

The cupbearer in the sky is cheerful,
But the earth's lips are dry.
Night and day were born from them.
How does this happen? Tell us.

There are roses, jasmines, and gardens on the earth
From the heart of the sky,

But the cold autumn wind
Is waiting in ambush at the corner.
How could this happen? Tell us.

O drunk nightingale,
How long will you cry because of the cold winter?
O nightingale, quit complaining about your grief.
Be grateful. Talk about loyalty.

You don't have any thanks
Without complaint on
This forked road with two stops.
Be annihilated. Plunge into nothingness.
Tell something about the mirror of
Pureness and cleanliness.

Leave the part. Say the whole.
Leave the thorn. Talk about the rose.
Leave the attribute. Go to essence.
Talk about God.

82.

Verse 890

One whose harvest is gone,
His pasture has been burned.
His field is neglected.
Love doesn't give you any taste.
In fact, you don't care for it anyway.

My Master who is my support, my security,
Is in love with me.
Yet, you desire the last drop
At the bottom of the cup.
But you cannot get it.
My hope and my desire don't disappear like yours.

O the one who complains constantly,
You seem like you couldn't have
Enough to complain about.
Since this store is only for rent,
Neither greed nor grudge would be any help.

In order to be head of the pilgrims,
You walk with bare feet to the Hadj.
If your feet are swollen and blistered,
Why are you tearing your dress?

Aren't you ashamed that
You bothered the caravan every step
Because of this little swelling?

The ship that is called human

Is a slow sailing, old sluggish lenger.⁶²
It doesn't pass through this sea
Without pull, without row.

Since you are not the brave man,
Why did you get in this struggle,
Enter this war?
Why did you start the namaz,⁶³
Fasting, night journey Hadj and austerity?

Endurance is for the brave,
Yells and cries for the women.
It is a shame to put a bell
On the neck of sultan's horse.

Come, enter the rank with joy.
Come with an open heart.
Half-heartedness brings exasperation.
The sound of growling comes
From the pitcher with a spout.

Choice servant of great God
Won't be affected by
Either good or bad small ordinary people,
The mountain of Uhud⁶⁴ doesn't move
Either by torrent or by quake.

Don't get overly-excited
With goodness and badness.
Look at the land of secrecy.
Watch the dance of angels and listen to them.
In fact, the soul is among them.

If gold is the sign of superiority,
Fire is the trouble to get it.
If fear is the lion,
Its bondage is the chain.

If you squeeze the pomegranate to make wine,
It changes, but doesn't decrease.
Crushing amule⁶⁵ is just to make medicine.

Body becomes pregnant from the soul.
Birth contractions are the suffering of the body.
These pains and troubles
Give birth to a baby.

Don't mind the bitterness of the wine.
See the pleasure of the drunk.
Don't mind the pain of the pregnant.
Watch the anticipation of the midwife.

This trouble is like beladur.⁶⁶
First it looks like punishment.
Later, it becomes a pearl.
First it is hard to go through interrogation.
Later, cross-examination comes.

Whose providence is this
Nine levels whirling sky,
The earth and the earth's herds and
Shepherd-filled pastures?
Nobody's but God's.

Son, if you will lend money,
Give the one who has essence as well as breath,

Gold as well as silver,
Do all farz⁶⁷ and sunnet.⁶⁸
On return, receive treasures and jewels.

Words open their lips, trying to tell this.
Those are the gold mine and cash.
The people's thoughts are only rumors.

83.

Verse 909

The Beloved came with the wine glass
Like a torch in His hand.
“Come,” He said, “be my friend.”
“How nice,” I said. “I will, right away.”

It is such a glass of wine that
Its brilliance will dazzle the eyes of Jupiter.
Its smell makes the constellation of Virgo to dance.

The mountain weighs less because of it.
The brain became heavier for the same reason.
The soul is glad to carry its jar.
The mind already broke that spouted pitcher.

That wine rejuvenates the weary.
It gives sense to the ignorant.
It is such a wine that it comes from nowhere,
Waylays a thousand caravans.

It is the guide to evil.
It is the one that makes the right one lose his way.
It is the essence of beauties.
It is the origin of every yell and scream.

Whoever drinks, good or bad,
Becomes drunk forever.
Whoever doesn't drink, ends up at the
Place of troubles and struggles
Without even knowing it.

O hard-headed heart,
Plunge into God's sea and drown.
Drink God's wine. Be annihilated.
Be nourished by God's water.

Whoever fell in His hope
Will be saved from death.
He will acquire the thing I mentioned before.
This will be the greatest place for you.

84.

Verse 917

Love has been confiscating from both worlds,
Taking away anything he grabs.
I would gladly pawn my heart and my eyes
To this kind of seizure.

Love is waiting on the road like a robber.
The lovers must give their lives.

The heart has captured so much from ruby lips.
Some of the seizures were intended for the eye.

Love is a Sultan, resembles the moon.
He opens his hands and asks for silver.
Give the silver to the silver body.
You won't be sorry.

He would return everything
He has seized from lovers
Back to the lovers with glory.

Look at the spring.
It would return the autumn's cruel seizures
Back to the garden and orchard.

Whatever the time seized from the moon,
It would return to the moon
With the generosity of the sun.

The night captured the eyes,

Mind and intelligence.
But early dawn yells,
“Come and take back whatever has been seized.”

The night secretly seized the sun.
But when the light of early dawn appeared,
Blackness all ran away.

85.

Verse 926

You spilled the Ab-i hayat
In order to save the water to wash your face.
You wasted the sugar and honey
And put poison in your mouth.

You become drunk in such a way that
Can't separate earth from the sky.
You spilled the water from the Euphrates
For a filthy water.

It is not worth it.
Don't run to the straw and barley.
Gold has been scattered as alms
Even for the poor.

Become Soul. Don't look for direction.
Be essence. Don't be attribute.
Look at the Sultan who is nowhere.
He threw all the sides.

It is too bad.
Your core rode its horse toward the skin.
Your inside turned over outside.
Alas, your king worries to be checkmated.

Sultan of the heart goes from
One house to the other,
With the fear of being checkmated.
Pawn's faces are all pale, waiting to be saved.

He lost the deed of his soul.
When he found it, his purse was torn.
All deeds were scattered around.

Our attributes recognized the rose's thorn
Because of His attribute.
But, our attributes house scattered
On the road of His essence
Like a rose.

The wing that carried you to the trap
Is a false one.
You will see at the day of death.
They will fall apart.

86.

Verse 935

You keep putting a mirror in front of you
Because there is no one like you,
Except the image on the mirror.

Where can I reach You
Beside the image of Your face?
There is strength in the heart, soul and eye,
But there is no place to see You.

You are without the place.
Sometimes You are everywhere.
The proof of Your timelessness and spacelessness
Appears obvious not only in You
But everywhere.

For Yourself, You are only One.
For me, I liken You to everything.
In Your side, there is attainment, Union for me.
In my side, there is loneliness, loneliness.

87.

Verse 939

Isn't there any music or merrymaking
For the lover,
That he would attain his desire,
Settle his trouble?

Morning, his separation was frightening
Him with daily troubles.
The lover found mercy from His moon at night.

The lover said,
"I vow for Your face which resembles the full moon,
Your love burned me to ashes."
His Beloved answered,
"It is all right. You have me on return."

He doesn't kill the lover.
His brilliance and His greatness do.
Our death has come, but it is difficult to explain.

The greatest desire of all is to long
For His Union.
The greatest beauty of all is
To be with Him.

One who compares His face to the moon,
His stature to cypress,
One who tries to find peer for Him,
For sure becomes blasphemous.

The spectre of His face is far greater
Than our souls.
To see Him is beyond the power
Of our eyes.

There are so many who have wanted to praise Him,
But their tongues are burned by His sparks.

His sparks burned them,
But, later His morning came,
Shined, illuminated, and became their answer.

88.

Verse 948

○ the gazelle to whom I have
Sacrificed myself from the first day,
Aren't you going to say,
"I feel sorry for one whom I made my slave"?

You burn the one whose love you refuse,
But when you invite,
That favor is more than enough for him.
When you are close to me,
You are not hiding my being from me.
That's why I can't see you.

His beauty is everywhere,
But he doesn't see me.
Isn't my heart his house, his palace?

The separation has planted
The seeds of saffron on my face.
Then you water them so much
They are telling tales to my eyes.

The arrow you threw
Hit my heart
And your writing, "Enough with my blood."⁶⁹

89.

Verse 953

His lips give sweetness
For seven year old vinegar.
His rose beautifies bone dry thorn.

His gaze gives new life
To ice-frozen heart and soul.
The happiness reaches to the black rock
By His walking.

The one who is in hell cools from His wind.
The ordinary becomes saint from His sight.

If my Beauty tells a story
About someone who is dead,
That person comes back to life,
Jumps from his grave,
Listens to the story.

He is so beautiful that he
Creates an uproar everywhere
Because of his beautiful stature.

Ah, every step has been like fire
At His separation.
Ah, I have been constantly blamed
Because of His love.

90.

Verse 959

If you also get out of yourself like us,
If you are also drunk,
You already break the halo around the moon,
And ascend the height of the sky and sit there.

If you worship Absence,
How could you hear the word
Of this one or that one?
How could you suffer
From this trouble or that trouble?
Or how could you worry in gathering gold or silver?

You would wake up in the middle of the night,
Become company to the Sultan
Of the invisible city,
And would break the glass of joy
On the head of sorrow.

O Beauty who is the help of life,
As alms,
You have tied my heart to the hair of
The One who snatched my heart.

Drunk lover doesn't know bashfulness.
If you ever pledged Elest,
You wouldn't worry about anything.

If you are stunned by wine,
You wouldn't worry about name or fame.

If you are an alligator like me,
You wouldn't be in the net now.

Our drunk came again, offered a goblet.
If He gave you the same cup,
You would rejoice.
You would be generous.

If you see His goblet,
You'll never forget.
If you see His hands that offer wine,
You would lose your hand.

His Joseph-liking face
Makes the mind go out of its place.
If you see once His face
You will lose your arm and hand.

If you get up on time,
Why are your steps so loose?
If you are straight like an arrow,
How come you fly awry?

Be silent. If you are aware of silence,
You become absent at the time of talk.
Come back in the time of silence.

91.

Verse 970

There is a pillage, raising dust and smoke
At the land of Absence.
In order to destroy,
The fire of love put everything in flame.

Because any existence with the form
Becomes shadow to the Essence,
Yet the shadow can't see a spark
Because of His sun.

The soul that stayed on the shadow
Has been frozen, tired and somber,
Turned his face toward You,
Awaiting happiness from You.

But the soul who has been immersed in sun,
Regardless of the sin he has committed,
His attainment sparkles like lightning.

The sunlight gives color to the mountains
As well as the plains.
Every color is from the sun.
But the air is so light, so clean,
That it has no color.

The soul keeps dancing in sunlight
Like particles, absorbs the light like a ruby.
Watch and see his talent.

The soul gives a stone, and receives a ruby.
He dances and rejoices with melodies.
What a nice relation!

The sky comes as a big circle.
His face is toward the ears of souls,
Keeps telling them eternal secrets
Without a word.

He sends a light in every moment,
But soul has no power to be able
To send a sign from Him.

O God's confidant Shamseddin,
You are the Sultan of Tebriz.
O Shah of Eternity,
Visit, just once,
Your love's martyr.

92.

Verse 980

The Ka'ba is turning around an idol
Making tavaf.
O my God,
What kind of idol is this?

The full moon is nothing but
An old broken down circle for Him.
Sugar canes are like lousy flies for this sugar.

All faithful sultans and high-esteemed angels
Are prostrating in front of His door.
Asking His mercy, for God's sake.

Thousands and thousands of sailors
Become shell for the pearl of love.
What a great effort!

He is His own paradise, His own houri.
He is His own joy, His own feast, own wedding.
He is submerged into the sparkle of His own light.
What a great miracle is that!

Listen to these and give me the answer.
A particle became peer to the Sun,
Became the Sun.

O One, Tebriz became His confidant.
O Shams, who is sun for thousands
Of favors,

The word about you is like a pitcher
Dipped into an endless Ocean.

93.

Verse 987

Wake up, the rooster has crowed.
It is time to drink morning wine.

In fact, you understand that easily,
You are smart. Your heart is pure and clean.
Bring me the wine and take my heart.
Do this trading.

Play the reed flute.
Early dawn is playing its music already.
Harp is complaining sadly
About Your separation.

There is no end of the milk or the wine of Heaven.
For that reason, tasting is free
On this cruel road.

Offer that gold color wine.
Make us go beyond ourselves.
There is no worse crime in my faith
Than to be sober.

Serve the wine of joy from the sky,
The wine that resembles a brown horse
With a red tail and mane.
He would add souls to Soul,
Punishes and overcomes the sorrow.

Reason will be free from bonds

By Your appetizer,
Finds the knowledge of the secret town,
Becomes the master of wisdom.

Your glass resembles the heart.
It shines from the head, from the chest.
Your drunk never lacks success and experience.

The hand that has found a full glass
Would give up gain and ambition.
The head that found this joy
Wouldn't want to be head of anything.

Your net put my fish on contrition for some time.
Your trap mortified my vulture.

A drop turned into an amazing shape
With your favor.
He spread everywhere, covered everything
With a clean and pure heart.

The greedy self who is fond of wealth and gossip
Didn't care much about both worlds
Because of the treasure of Your mercy.

O my Sultan,
One has to be a jackass not to visit You,
Not because he doesn't have a jackass.
Your Hadj is always free,
And there is no road to walk through.

O Heart, come to your senses.
Don't say, "I don't have strength

To go through these troubles.”
Give up this nonsense.
There is no need for strength here.

You have enough strength to suffer
For everybody’s troubles.
Yet when it comes to the treasure,
You say, “I don’t have enough power.”
What is that?
Greed and folly.

The thing that you hide in your heart,
For sure it is love.
But the One who is hidden in your heart,
Also blames your worries.

Everything inside of you is concealed
In your words and wails.
They manifest with your word and cry.
That gives you the sense of resurrection now.

Look at us one moment.
To bring the dead to life is customary
For that glance.

Your kindness hasn’t changed
Because of the felon’s bad deeds.
Your favors are still graceful.

Your disciple’s heart and soul
Cannot be cleaned anywhere
But Your clean sea.

Ones who refrain from sins
Take a journey day and night through the desert.
Yet Ka'ba runs toward you
To visit you.

The soul prostrates to You,
Thanks Your being.
He found greatness by being Your slave.

Everything differently, particle by particle,
Testifies Your majesty and kindness
On Your sun-like smile.

Everyone and everything is searching for You.
They are all in Itikaf⁷⁰ at Your place,
Prostrating and praying to Ka'ba of Your kindness.

Five senses are like the lights in Your mosque.
They read the Koran of life.
The Master has taught them five Ayet.⁷¹

Sometimes he makes ruku⁷²
In front of Your door, like a harp.
Sometimes, he makes kaamet⁷³
With the hope of your breath like a ney.

It is enough, O reason.
Stop lamenting. Leave this sad story.
The best of the hearts receives
The smell of truth in silence.

94.

Verse 1014

“Immortality of the soul” is the only rumor,
Came from sages.
There is not a better end for
Love’s presence than love itself.

I hear thanks from everyone.
That is the situation, as long as people are happy.
Don’t pay attention to the one who complains.

Love is such a moon that its every side is a face.
Even the moon is jealous for Him.
He has nothing but wishing happiness to everyone.

His charm is different in every morning.
His beauty is everywhere,
Every step of His, a new wonder.
Every breath is new grace and kindness.

He comes to help the soul,
When Soul’s beauty goes beyond.
But He never protects the evil eye.

Sky’s back is bent like the lover’s
By searching for Him,
Because His beauty is a peerless beauty.

Every dawn, the sun plants his spear,
Raises morning’s flag.
This is the light of love’s face.

When love leads the way,
The soul reaches comfort.
Looks down from the sky, and says,
“What a beautiful city.”

God said to love,
“If it weren’t for your beauty,
I wouldn’t create the mirror of existence.”

The fruit comes later.
The tree was there before,
But fruit has a higher rank than the tree.

How long will you be talking?
For your soul’s sake, don’t say more.
The heart is suffering because of your talk.

Ones who prefer solitude have already run away,
Scattered their food around,
Because silence is the strength and
Support to the drunk.

Although the song of the nightingale
Is the medicine for lovers,
Remain silent.
Love will give you stronger medicine.

95.

Verse 1027

Where is their house?
O my Master, O my Helper,
Show me the way to reach and meet them.
I have been wasted by staying away.

You covered Your face with a veil
In the middle of the night.
You came, hiding Your face.
O my Beauty,
This doesn't match Your beauty.

O my Valiant, I sacrificed my life to You.
I came with a hope,
But the words of the envious gave me away.

You are the Soul of sultans,
As well as the doorkeepers.
You are the eye, the candle for searchers.
I have lost the soul and place without You.
Where did You go from my arms?

You were my friend, my joy, and my glory,
My destiny, and essence of my happiness.
You were even more beautiful with Your torments.

O Sultan of every blessed,
O Majesty of the kingdoms,
I came to You that You save me
From the injustice of every tyrant.

Your mercy covers everyone.
Your compassion spreads everywhere.
Our Master, accept everyone who
Repents at Your temple.

I couldn't get drunk other than with
The wine of early masters.
Offer a glass from that wine.
What would be decreased
From the jar of God's compassion?

Your face is like the full moon for us.
It is our joy, our splendor.
The shade of Your spectre is the kingdom
For the best.

O tired, sick heart,
Don't run away from the drunks,
From the lovers.
I know, you don't. But if you do,
You are mean. You are an infidel.

His image is our Kible.
His coyness is our joy and pleasure.
O my strength, my support,
Your beauty is the instigation for the devout.

Before You hide your face and Your head
Like the mourning women,
First appreciate the value of their Unions.

The glory of Your Union rose like a new moon,
Excited me, cheated me, then pulled me

Toward Himself.

O Heart who became drunk from
Looking and searching,
Talk about love's face and shape.
You can do whatever you want.
You are supported.

96.

Verse 1041

○ my Beauty,
You put such a fire in my heart and soul,
My heart's fire keeps burning.
How come you left for a journey?

Your fire has settled, became a friend to my heart.
My heart says to your fire,
“Welcome, You came like Ab-i hayat.”

The taste of your image burned my heart,
O my Beauty. Your sorrow is like sugar.
My heart is a paper.

The candle endured.
Every part of it became light.
The light is the best,
Especially when it is permanent.

When light shines,
One could stay alone.
Without the grace of God,
My moon face disappears.

But with God's help, with His favor,
Endless Union becomes imam⁷⁴ who is
To be followed.

He ties the tiger of grief,
Opens the door of love.

He puts a dome over the city.
People will be saved from malice.

97.

Verse 1048

He looked at me, made me smile.
I said, "That's they way it should be."
He took me to His presence, exalted me.
I said, "That's the way it should be."

His soldiers were bothering me.
His love's master came and saved me.
I said, "That's the way it should be."

He overwhelmed me with His beauty.
His crescent illuminated me,
Gave me such drunkenness, helped me,
Empowered me.
I said to Him, "That's the way it should be."

He came, settled around us.
He calmed our fever,
Set up such a table and drink that
We were puzzled.
I said to Him, "That's the way it should be."

His face illuminated darkness.
His favor realized our hopes.
He came, exalted me with compliments.
I said, "That's the way it should be."

Though it was hard and difficult,
My heart found His glass.
He offered wine, and made me happy.

I said, "That's the way it should be."

I hope Shamseddin hears my cries from Tebriz,
Comes over, exalts me again.
I would tell him,
"That's the way it should be."

98.

Verse 1055



my restless heart, tell the truth:

Who are you?

Are you fire or wind?

Are you human or fairy?

Where did you come from?

Where did you settle? What did you eat?

What did you see at Absence that

You want to return there?

Why do you pull me out from the root?

Why do you want to annihilate me?

Why do ambush the way of reason?

Why do you tear your curtain? Why?

Beside you,

Everyone, every animal is afraid of Absence.

Yet, you are carrying all your belongings

To Absence.

You are going like fire,

Dragging on the ground like a drunk.

How could you listen to the advice of people?

You are a torrent that love flows at the

Top of the mountain.

You are running toward the sea of Absence,

Faster than my breath.

With what wind are you flying?
The garden is confused. The spring is confused.
What kind of rose, of narcissus are you?
Iris is drunk. Cypress is drunk,
Because of You.

The sound of the tambourine
That doesn't fit its frame
Doesn't go through our ear,
Like the nonsense of unbelievers.

Moses of Your love keeps telling me,
"Don't come close."
How not to be scared of everyone?
How not to be fearful like Samiri?⁷⁵

I am among the people
But I run away from them
Like Caferi gold in the ground.

The gold won't find a customer
Even if it screams two thousand times,
"I am gold!"
Till it comes out from treasure.

99.

Verse 1066

My heart stays away from any joy
That is shared by ordinary people,
Just like your heart stays away from the toilet.

Any talent or skill of an idiot doesn't
Deserve to be mentioned in front of my zeal.

Even if it is the most
Searched for and desired sugar,
How could that have a place in my spring?
The sugar-lipped beauty doesn't eat sugar,
And one who has been matured by trials
Doesn't deserve that.

Either he is a moon or sky or charming beauty,
All the same, he has no light or glory.

The dress that has been worn by everyone
Cannot be a special dress.
Lion-like brave doesn't eat the
Leftover of the infidel.

I need a special assembly in Absence.
I hardly drink from everyone's drink
Even if it is Kevser.

You are talking about being like Jesus
Yet you smell like the urine of the donkey.
How come your soul is getting

Accustomed to the mess?

If the foundations of wealth and property
That are acquired by gold
Didn't smell like donkey's urine,
All the souls of donkeys wouldn't get the smell
And stay around.

If the man is a jeweler,
He should measure his own value.
If Kubad Sencer⁷⁶ became a magistrate,
He wouldn't be happy.

Put as much as gold at the top of pearl.
Even pearl stays under the gold.
Still, the pearl is more valuable than gold.

But if it jumps over the gold,
And gets to the top,
It will become more valuable.

We are pearls.
This world is gold and still is on trial.
If you are not cheap pearl,
Jump over the gold.

Desire of the stomach is tasteless.
Pleasure of lust comes and goes so fast.
Both are the same by hog and dog.
Donkeys and oxen also have the same.

Those are not signs of greatness.
They are suitable neither for a sultan nor Sencer.

They can't be Kible or any prophet.

Signs of wisdom are
Love, begging, and serving.
If you want to see the Beloved,
You are exactly in His eyes
At the place to see Him.

In order to see that door open to you,
You would have to search Ab-i hayat.
Wash your shirt in that water,
Then wait at the door of heart,
So that door would be open to you.

It is a must to earn the heart of the exalted One,
In joy and love,
To lead and to be led with them.

It is not proper to go on this road
All by yourself.
Look at the sky.
The stars are searching, whirling,
But they submit themselves to the divine order.

Watch the way they hide themselves
In the morning
And appear at night.
Take a lesson from the way of turning
Around the palace of the Great of the greatest.

They rise and they shine for God.
They want God. They are in love with God.
Without feet and without wings,

They whirl and race each other.

See the sun's fiery entrance.

Watch the moon's graceful departure.

Listen to the tumult of early dawn,

Just like the Day of Resurrection.

The good person's soul is an angel.

The bad one's is Satan.

The being of a kind one is a sailing breath.

The bad one's is anchored.

Mercy is like a river of milk.

Lust is like a river of honey.

Life is like a flowing water.

Longing is a river of red wine.

There are four rivers hidden in you.

If you don't see them,

Why aren't you asking, "Where are they?"

They are concealed, but apparent sometimes,

Like His essence and His attributes.

Where are the waves of longing coming from?

How does pleasure come to being?

Life's pleasures are in ambush.

Compassion is under the cover.

People become prey to Him,

Yet He constantly saves them and

Gets them out of the trap.

Every creature has been

Decorated differently by His order.

The night resembles an Indian.
The day is a sorcerer.
Justice is like a torch.
Cruelty is either blind or deaf.

Reason became a friend of a warrior.
The self is like a dark-skinned man.
Love became drunk and addicted to opium.
Persistence and shyness are like
A person with justice.

The Sultan said a secret epigram to every ear.
He gave different news to every soul.

There are grudges and wars between people.
He is the One making these.
Here is a kind and gentle friend for you.

He said something nice and sweet to the rose.
The rose smiled.
He talked with the cloud about something.
The cloud started to shed tears from both eyes.

The rose said to the cloud,
"Let's gather an assembly."
The cloud: "It is better to cry."
Neither listens to the other's advice.

He asked the branch, "Move."
For the leaves, He said, "Clap your hands."
He ordered the sky,
"Whirl. Whirl around the earth."

He said to Reason, "Get lost. Go away."
To Love: "Be amazed and stay."
And to Patience, He said,
"Cry with the sorrow of a beauty."

He said to the face, "Smile nicely,"
To the hair, "Draw a curtain to the face,"
And to the wind, "Grab that curtain
From the narcissus face."

He said to the wave,
"Be rough. Separate the foam from
The pure clean water,"
To the heart, "Look at every beautiful face."

There is an omen everywhere,
A resurrection in every breath,
Reminding not to forget me
While I indulge in words.

God has written this on my forehead.
I wonder, what did He put in my heart?
God has depleted my patience,
Neither patience nor being patient is left.

Only water and fat remained.
This is not the time for words.
I am in fire because of love.

It is the time for the dawn of His secret.
The smell of the wind of His kindness came.
It is time for His generosity.
Here they are to one who could see.

He rained that favor from the sky.
He created him from love,
Filled him from the wine jar.
He described him to one who understands.

He adorned him to receive at His presence.
He brought him back to his origin.
He enlightened him with His glory.
He woke him up from sleep.

He doesn't have a peer among them.
They are His slave and His servant.
He is great, magnificent,
Cannot be bought or subjugated.

He exalted us, bestowed favor upon us.
He purified us, made us happy.
He informed us of the past and future.

The place where He cast His shadow is purified.
The one who stayed there
Received favors.
No one like Him is either at town or in the village.

100.

Verse 1111



Beautiful,
If hundreds of moons and suns,
Hundreds of Jupiters ask a kiss from you,
Don't give it.
You are more beautiful than them all.

O Beautiful,
If two thousand years and two thousand souls
Come and settle in front of your door,
Don't open it.
You are much better than heart and soul.

Who is the mirror that would
Give you a place in his heart?
O Beautiful, for the sake of your soul,
Don't even look at the mirror.

Don't lay your hands upon the sky.
He should put his head to your saddle cover
In front of your horse,
Become slave to you.

Even a piece of stone
Has reached a certain state,
Found some meaning,
Looking for himself,
Discovered his own treasure.

You, O my falcon-resembling heart,

Fly toward His arm with love's wing.
How long will you be flying with your own wings?

Run after Shamseddin, Sultan to Tebriz.
Love's army is with him.
You also march.
You belong to that army.

101.

Verse 1118

A door was opened to me from Absence,
Before I ever had "being,"
Before I kept circling around existence,
A door was opened to me from Absence.

There were no moon and no time.
Soul has turned around that eternal Soul,
Flapped his wings around that Kalendar.

The fire of Absence's love consumed
The body as well as the soul.
Only the essence of Nothingness
Remained in the center
Like a semender.⁷⁷

One who leaves his own body,
Gives up his own existence,
Grows immensely by consuming "the self."
Silver-bodied beauty who turned into blood
Eats his own harvest from his lap.

Pass around the faith and blasphemy.
Come, enter into the heart's oven.
Watch and see, the soul of lovers becomes gold.
Love is a jewelry store.

Everything should be sacrificed to the want.
Poverty is farther above than Aba⁷⁸-Hirka⁷⁹
Because of poverty.

Everything from earth to the throne
Turned into Glory.

Look at the tavern of Elest.
It became drunk from Shamseddin's cup.
He saved a hundred Tabrizes
From fire and flood.

102.

Verse 1125



my cupbearer who adds souls to Soul,
For God's sake, offer a kevser.
Pour this red wine to my drunk head.

You are the sea of kindness.
Nourish me with your own hands.
O my moon-faced, you are the Garden of Eden.
Drop a fruit into my lap.

O Angel who descended to earth from Heaven,
O Beauty who became a ladder
With the word "Drink,"⁸⁰

Come to the gathering, serve wine,
Set up the rule of spring,
O charmer whose face resembles the rose garden,
Whose stature reminds
Of the cypress and stone pine.

If they drink a few drops,
What would be decreased
From the ocean of Your kindness?
If an unbeliever received his lot in life,
What would be decreased from God's grace?

Make my restless heart settle with one glass.
Give the cleanliness of pearl to that
Body's shell.

**Either save me from thoughts,
Or send me to my origin,
Or else, put a ladder to the sky and
Open a door for me.**

103.

Verse 1132

You are my helper, my Beloved.
For God's sake, help me.
There is no other clean prey
For you than my heart.

The ney wails day and night for me.
The harp fell in despair, groans and moans.
Cry for me.

If you did a favor for me,
Held me, squeezed me in your arms,
The hand of sorrow and grief
Wouldn't be able to hurt me.

If You made rain from the cloud of Your mercy,
Rained to my head,
My eyes wouldn't run tears like a river.

If you let me touch the tip of Your hair,
I would extend my hand and
Hold the ear of destiny.

If you kindly scratch my head tonight,
I'll grab the head from the head of the moon.

I vow to the memory of the past
Pleads of Your lovers,
To everything that is cultivated by Your spring.

I vow to the smell of the breeze
That comes from Your side,
And to the light of Your face
Which becomes my day.

My task hasn't been a thorn to my feet
Since you scattered roses
Of Your kindness to my head.

Every bit and piece is happy
Because of Your face.
The rose sapling is bashful,
But in ecstasy because of You.

O my mouth, remain silent.
Listen to your essence that
He will become your confidant.

104.

Verse 1143

Don't pile up snow around you so that
You won't freeze to death.
Even if you are hot like fire,
Snow will make you ice cold.

One who cannot be excited,
Boiled by himself,
Would extinguish your exuberance.
Don't expect brotherhood from the one
Who hasn't been turned into the fire.

Don't be misled by his oversize.
His largeness is like a creek.
It flows, and finishes.
He is big and burly, but his soul is lean.

This music is nice,
But jump free of yourself.
Come to the temple.
Don't shake your head like that.
Don't listen to these loose, flappy things.

105.

Verse 1147



Heart, what has happened to you?
What are you contriving?
You become a falcon one moment.
Next, you become a pigeon.

Yesterday, you were ascending to the sky
Like the prayer of lovers.
Now, you are coming down like starlight.

Your deceit and your tricks really killed me.
Your torrent is carrying me.
Where are you taking me?

You left the town of mercy,
Not to hear the word of love and compassion.
In order to avoid the Friend,
You went to the land of fear and awe.

When I act frivolously and flighty,
You smile and say, "Go on, fly."
If I stay quiet, you blame and say,
"Looks like you're anchored there."

If I smile, you say,
"Why do you grin so foolishly?"
If I cry, "Cry like an earthen jar.
Leak water," you say.

You are Turk. Don't look for

The Turk's⁴¹ face in the Indian,
Because God didn't give the
Turk's face to the Indian.

Smile is for the moon. Cry is for the cloud.
Fortune gives sparkle to the earth.

Search for the beauty among the charmers.
Look for sorrow among the lovers.
Even with your face bright red,
Look at the yellow face.

I am an ordinary person.
I would be mixed with dust and humiliation.
Yet, you are the Sultan.
You can rule. You can punish.

Make me drunk. Make me good.
Make me dance. Make me happy.
Since you don't eat sour,
Put sugar in my mouth.

I am your saucepan.
If you cook a good meal with me,
I'll give a good meal.
If you don't cook well,
I'll give a sour meal.

If you look at Satan nicely,
Satan changes to angel.
O my beauty, you are such a fairy that
Even a fairy couldn't get smell from your face.

Do you know why sorcery is forbidden?
Because at the time of your beauty,
It would be disgraceful for small people
To talk about magic.

O Heart, His reprimand and His sorrow
Are the signs of His love.
If He stops doing them,
Make sure He will go away from you.

O Tebriz of Shamseddin,
The Sultan of sultans
Is your rising sun from the east.
There, you are the glory of that head.
Here, at this side, you are only
Makeshift and temporary.

106.

Verse 1163

How lucky a moment is that,
O Beauty, when you'll come back to me,
Like a soul, light and pure,
At early morning.

Your hair did say, "Good night," to me.
When will you return from this long journey?
When will you be coming home?

When will your sun reach the heart
Like the sign of Aries?
When will you give immortality
To roses and jasmine with Ab-i hayat?

I am drinking poison, drop by drop,
From the hand of sorrow like Hassan.⁸²
O Ahmed-i Tiryak,⁸³
When do you reach to Hassan's father?

Your grief hurts and kills me.
Even though the soul is expecting
Your return, take care of the grief.

At that time, you will
Be everything and everyone.
Heart will disappear.
When you touch this body,
It will become purified like soul.

Set fighting in the sky,
Scatter pieces all around.
Get rid of the shame of gravity.
I hope you will grab the rope
With the smell of his hair.


When you come close to men and women
With your immortal beauty,
Women give up their womanhood.
Men will be covered by blood.

When your beauty steps on,
Joseph of Egypt prostrates.
When you come close to the coffin,
The dead would come to life and
Rise from the grave.

Beautiful image of Shamseddin
Sets up a trap at Tebriz,
Waiting to see with what tricks and talent
You will come to soul like a faith.

107.

Verse 1173

ouls would be sacrificed to lovers.
Love is a wonderful desire.
Son, worship love.
The rest of them are whims and fancies.

I am drunk by love's wine.
The floor where I stand is made by love's fire.
Step on it.
Why do you become double-faced?

There is a chain suspended from the sky
Down to earth.
It is made by fire.
If you are truthful, grab it.

Ask me what is love.
Love is some kind of insanity.
It puts the man on a chain,
But not through foolishness.

You worship the love, O Son.
Love is beautiful.
I vow the soul of lovers that
You are pure, beautiful and real.

Since your journey toward Absence,
Who could dare to be your enemy?
Who could have your might and strength?
You are the fire that burns and destroys everything.

**Make my soul slave and servant.
Bring back my joy and pleasure.
Annihilate me, then revive me.
Show your creation once more.**

**Be silent. At the same time, be exuberant.
Keep saying at dawn while in silence.**

**It is the custom of Samiri's cow
To talk without heart and soul.
This is not for you, Son.
Walk on the right way.**

108.

Verse 1182

One who purified his heart from both worlds,
The meaning of "Yes"
To the question of "Elest,"
This is Absence.

Universe which is created by dust
Is nothing but a small hill.
Absence is a treasure buried under.
Only children play and enjoy the top of the hill.

One who is not aware from treasure
Becomes sluggish and lazy.
Once eyes are closed,
A person loses his ambition.

He is a treasure from the moon.
When the soul saw him, he said,
"How beautiful. God may save him from evil eyes."
Thousands of sultans are after Him.
Realize how difficult but necessary
It is to reach Him.

I would praise His lips.
I would show His beautiful face.
But who would be able to understand"
Who would be able to reach Him?

There isn't anyone who would
Understand Him at two villages.

That's all right.

You throw your head and your soul on His way.
Put your head to the ground without hesitation.

O known Tebriz, serve Shamseddin at his door.
It is proper for the head to prostrate
In front of an attained.

109.

Verse 1189

You grab everyone.
Yet, it comes to us.
You make a face and act bored.
Go away. You are such a fool
At the religion of Love.

O self-worshipping busybody,
O one who is weary of God,
You are not the man of Khan.⁸⁴
You are a poor, small Mongol.

You became drunk by your own wine.
Sometimes you are sweet; bitter, at other times.
With the illusion of your talent,
You are arrogant and boasting.

Even if you are a library with knowledge,
You don't search the soul's garden.
Even if you have family and friend,
You don't have a foundation.

Go, spend your copper-like existence.
For Soul's chemistry, become gold.
Don't worry about a few pennies.

I said to myself from my heart,
"How long will I follow the image of a human?
When I am with You,
A new messenger comes from every frozen one."

Even if you are an ogre,
God's divine light, Shams of Tebriz,
Secure the road of the heart's passenger.

110.

Verse 1196

I would show my face to you
If I weren't wholly soul.
You would see the sign,
Dust of my trace,
If I have any sign and trace.

I am silver-bodied gold,
A pearl with ruby lips.
I would show you the essence of gold
If I weren't in the mine.

My kindness doesn't let you go.
Otherwise, I would fall in your fancy,
Spend all the time by getting rid of the flies.

With your love, Soul's rose sapling said,
"If I weren't afraid,
I would become iris and turn into tongue."

People say, "You are smart.
Why don't you come to your senses?"
I answer,
"Yes, I am like this one moment,
And the next, I am like that."

If the moon's silver caftan were suitable for you,
I would pull it to your side from its belt.

If your love did let me free one moment,

I would turn into fire and
Become cure for lovers.

If He didn't close the eyes of people
With the arrow of jealousy,
They would see that
I am the bow in His hand.

These words are the sign for Shams of Tebriz.
I wish I were an interpreter at his door.

111.

Verse 1205

*A*ll the Universe is burned by the fire of sorrow,
But sorrow's fire is not apparent.
Who has ever seen the shape of this charm?
Nobody.

The power of His amber^{as} is pulling me everywhere.
I wonder. Has anyone ever seen the One
Who pulls me?

There is a sema, but no music.
There is the wine, but no color.
Goblet after goblet of wine is served.
Who is the one holding the garnet?
No one knows.

Love is playing with a whip.
I am like a bottle in His hand.
He threw the bottle and broke it to pieces.
Did anyone's feet get hurt?
No.

There are so many sheiks,
So many disciples on this road.
But once you come to the stage of Union,
There are no sheiks or disciples.

Bayazid's shadow is the one that
Is searched for and looked for among the people,
But the essence of Bayazid is not around.

Give good news to the lovers.
Bairam of Union is coming.
This is such a Bairam that
Neither Ramadan nor Bairam is here.

112.

Verse 1212

You came to reveal all my secrets.
Show the Sultan that
Even the dust of trace is not seen.

Last night, your image came like a drunk,
Offered me a glass of wine.
“I don’t drink,” I said.
“Too bad,” he said, “you’ll be sorry.”

I said, “I am afraid if I become drunk,
I would lose myself.
I will reach your curly hair.
You may pull yourself.”

When he saw me hesitating,
“Come,” he said.
“What a strange person are you?
Fortune is looking at you,
Yet you are turning your face away.

“You deceive and cheat everybody.
You do the same thing to me.
Yet I am the secret hrasbek.
Even this is a fact.
You are hiding a secret from me.

“I am the treasure in the heart of the world.
Why do you put your head to the ground?
I am Kible of the sky.

Why do you turn your face to the sky?"

Look at such a Sultan so that
He gives you eye and sight.
If you go against Him,
You stand petrified at the Day of Judgment.

Since color came to your face,
Wither and become pale,
Why do you turn into saffron
After a rider?

Be a man-like rooster.
Know the time. Go at the front.
It is sad to see a rooster changed to a chicken.

You sit tilted but talk straight.⁸⁶
This is the only way.
I am your life and soul,
Yet you are sending them the wrong way.

If you follow the order of "Lend,"⁸⁷
Give a chip. Even an ordinary piece
Turns into treasure, a gold mine.

If you follow the order of "Beware,"⁸⁸
Close your eyes two or three days.
You turn your senses into
An ocean full of pearls.

If you go like a straight arrow to our target,
You will make the neck of Mercury
Like a bowstring to your bow.

Even better favors than that,
He forgives your sin and guilt.
Let me tell you,
You will yell and scream after me.

Enough, these words cannot be explained,
Don't fit in the mouth.
If you open every particle
And turn them into mouth, they
Still can't be said.

113.

Verse 1227

One who loves You won't complain
Even if he eats hundreds of stones of sorrow
Until You frown on him.

When wine affects him,
He dances, yells, and screams with joy
Because he gathered
The best agate of the mine under his arm.

I am the brave at gambling's place.
I am a boundless universe.
Open your eye. Look at me.
Be lost in the brightness.

He doesn't look at your color, and
Ignores your fights.
Hodja, haven't you the land of certainty?

Honey is not bitter because vinegar is sour.
Oil stays as oil, regardless of water.

I become lost in that thought.
I am drunk, entered in sema,
But not everyone's sema is
Without the self.

Our sema is sight and gaze.
His is empty.
But Son, like the Turk

Doesn't understand the Armenian.

Believers dance and
Clap their hands in their graves.
They have drunk the wine of faith.
They became drunk at the land of Absence.

At this moment,
He is at your sides and front,
But you can't get His smell.
Cast a sideways glance.

114.

Verse 1236

I wonder if your eyes are sleepy or evasive.
No, I swear, you are trying to deceive God.

You close your eyes.
Waiting merchant falls asleep,
Reaching his gold
When he fell asleep.

You extended a chain,
Set up endless traps.
You restrain tightly some,
Loosened the bondages of others.

You kill innocent lovers of yours as a good deed,
And pray in front of your martyrs' graves.

Sometimes you take the mind away from head.
Like a cupbearer,
Sometimes you fill melodies like players.

You play the ney of separation.
You play Iraq's ney.
Make Buselik, similar to Hicaz.⁸⁹

You are making the poor's soul and heart,
And captive's wounded heart
As treasure of supplication
By alms of your beauty.

You tear the curtain of firmament.
You coy with the coyness of Sultan.
You live with great splendor of Eyaz,⁹⁰
Stealing the crown of sultans.

You are my love.
Does love have any shape or form?
You dress in this shape.
You are just joking.

You are endless treasure.
No sultan's seal could be put on this treasure.
Even if you put a seal on one side,
You will cut it.

Submerge into this wealth
And be silent.
How long will you be screaming,
Clinging to hope and greed
Next to this treasure?

115.

Verse 1247

○ sugar lip, don't break the jar.
O stonehearted, don't break the jar.

If you become His drunk,
You drink wine from His hand.
But His breath is very dangerous.
Don't break the jar.

Love entered my heart and settled there.
Heart turned into glass.
O Son, come slowly.
Don't break the jar.

That kind of beauty became your friend.
But don't try to touch His hair.
Don't break the jar.

Don't try to compare Him by your heart
Till you know Him.
He is different. You are different.
Don't break the jar.

He is in the heart made by glass.
Beware. Walk slowly.
Don't break the jar.

God has manifested in human
Good and bad get together.
Don't be confused with this fate and destiny.

Don't break the jar.

Although you hung around with Shams of Tebriz,
Don't mention the skill,
Don't mention the talent,
Don't break the jar.

116.

Verse 1255

You gave scissors to the hand
Of the sun's goldsmith
To cut gold and silver.
You embroider designs and
Ornaments from the moon
To the skirt of night.

You make the day and night
Shorter or longer,
Depend on the customs of Habesh⁹¹ and Rum.⁹²

Sometimes You change to the straight
Your slave's crooked work.
Sometimes You change the truth
To the joke and folly.

You transmit the image of His face
From closed doors.
What a miracle is that!

You give an obstinancy to
The fleeing thoughts that
They freeze and stay there.
You give a wing from pleading to the heart
That doesn't know how to implore.

You bring torches to pitch dark nights
Covered by clouds of grief.
You open a window to the heart

Which is squeezed by sorrows.

We settled at Damascus just for love for You,
Yet with all caprices, decided
To go to Aleppo.

Sometimes You punish harshly all the guilty
For a small sin.
Sometimes You forgive bloody criminals.

Sometimes You offer royal help
To the poorest sultan.
Other times, You make Kubad
Slave to the greedies.

You step on and break the ney
Which makes the best melodies,
And bring the broken old harp to the gathering
And make music with that.

Sometimes You change our pleasure's
Lanta⁹³ to three strings.
Sometimes You switch our Buselik tune
To the Hicaz.

Soul became soul with Your generosity,
Grew into the beauty and essence.
Then You grab it like an onion,
Peeling its layers.

O my Support,
One gaze of Yours gives me reason and decision.
O my Sultan, Your kindness is my

Comfort and security.

You are the foundation of my existence.

You are the essence of my wishes.

You are my existence, my absence.

You are the gain of my granary.

You are the pupil of every eye.

You are the aim of every desire.

You are the power for every confused,

Strength for every hunchbacked one.

You are the One who gives sustenance.

You are my Friend in lonely night.

You are so kind and generous that

Everyone harvests from Your kindness.

You are the majestic owner

Of every good property.

You are the Savior of one

Who is on the way to perish.

You are the Guide to every traveler.

You are the One who scatters every secret teller.

I try very hard to remain silent.

But in spite of me,


You are putting greed in my mind

And intelligence,

Tempting me to talk.

117.

Verse 1273

ffer water to the tired and thirsty.
You are the water seller in both worlds.
Help the hurt and broken one.
You are the only house of devotion.

Deep cracks are opened on the fortress of
Heart's army, has neither
Joy, arms, nor equipment.
You are the hat for the right division,
Dress and arms for the left division.

We have been ruined by wine.
The winter beat and crushed us.
We put our eyes on You,
Because You are the only salve for us.

Don't turn Your face from devotion.
Don't make clean clear water turbid by dirt.
You are Ab-i hayat. Also, You are shame.
You are the eternal support for heart.

The sky is calling You,
Gives his life for You.
You are the only remedy
To one who suffers because of You.

As alms for your soul,
Get up. Bring us wine.
Give a ride to every pedestrian.

You are the only cupbearer for our soul.

This war cry is not the sign for heart's Union.
You have the power of greatness.
Cut the neck of this news.

Stop this fight.
Pull the root of apprehension.
Offer special wine.
You are God's special person.

Even women cut their hands
When they saw Joseph.
We are not below them.
You are that beautiful-faced Joseph.

The most important is to
Be aware of the Beloved's face,
But not His hands and feet,
Because you are a master.

Fill up the glass with that secret wine.
We would drink without mouth.
Then this world would learn
What a magic alchemy you are.

Offer that God's old wine,
The wine that became guide at the day of Elest,
The wine which was served to the Prophet.
You are the heir of the Prophet.

118.

Verse 1285

Even sand has been satiated to water,
But I couldn't.
There is no bowstring that
Deserves my heavy, valuable bow.

Sea is my worthless drink.
Mountain is my unimportant morsel.
O my God, open a way for me.
Tell me, what kind of alligator am I?

I am as thirsty as an angel of death.
I am whirling like hell, to find
A big morsel to swallow.

There is no remedy, but
To get on the love's nature, reach the love.
No one but you can give food
To love's mouth.

Reason is a very agile and great commander,
But when it falls in your trap,
He loses his head and his beard.

You are the One, the truth to
One who knows God is One.
You are the One who shapes the heart of
One who resembles God to human.

Noah became friend to a few pieces of wood.

At the height of Your waves,
Soul became drunk from the
Smell from Your side,
Fell down, bewildered.

Be silent. Go toward the house of the silent ones.
O one who has remained and
Became invalid at the village,
Go back to your city.

119.

Verse 1293

While You make my mouth bitter,
You give sugar to others.
You don't give a trace of moisture to my field.
You quench this and that with water.

You are my Friend, my Soul,
My endless source of blessing.
But, You send only autumn to my garden.

When I am about to fill
With thanks and gratitude,
You start talking about separation.
Are you against me?
Are you putting me on trial?

When aloe wood becomes generous,
It smokes for You.
When You throw a bone to a dog,
Lion prostrates in front of Your door.

When passing in my neighborhood,
If You stop and see me,
I will go above the nine level sky.
If You allow me, I will step on the sky.

Mind and reason are all Your needies.
They are nourished by Your milk.
The one to whom You give a bow
Would certainly throw Your arrow.

The person You look at
Won't bother looking at both worlds.
If You give a piece of bread to a beggar,
He becomes the Sultan of sultans.

Whoever You give sugar,
Turns into sugar.
If You give a mouth to someone,
He swallows both worlds as a morsel.


I have visited all the cities.
No one has sugar but You.
If You raise the price,
To whom should I complain?

Sometimes You give too expensively.
Sometimes You give away.
You do one thing one time.
Next, You do the opposite.

Shamseddin, to whom
Sun and Jupiter praise,
He is at Tebriz now.
If the moon enters his sign,
The heart of the moon comes to life.

120.

Verse 1304

 frowning Friend,
How much do You ask for vinegar?
You sell vinegar as sugar trading to
A sugar-lipped one.
You take sugar and give vinegar.

If You don't buy, I will.
I am in love and out of myself.
O indiscreet One, what are You advising me?

Come close, O fairy,
You don't have any bitterness.
You give crown and good fortune,
Reach the men to Glory.

The soul has been impregnated for You
With a thousand uproars
Because You are adding fuel to Your own fuel.

You are pulling my soul to dig a ditch through
A mountain like Ferhad.⁹⁴
Otherwise, what is this crowbar
In the hand of my soul?

Anyone who thinks that
Whatever You give is harmful
Should be out of his mind.

You take one rose petal.

You give back a rose garden.
You take the carcass of a donkey.
You give back twenty race horses.

You are grateful to one who does good deeds,
Then sometimes You ignore and
Beat the innocent for no reason.

When Zeyd's⁹⁵ head is cracked open,
You help Amr find the way out.
When there is famine Damascus,
You send the rain to Cend.⁹⁶

I said so many times, "Don't talk."
But that's not your fault.
You are like a mill.
You grind whatever they put on you.

121.

Verse 1314



most Beautiful who is so gracious
For kindness and generosity,
O charmer who opens the hand of giving
Like the sun and moon,

You picked up the glass that
Shows the world in early dawn
Before the sun raises his head.

You are Mehdi.⁹⁷ You found the right way.
You are God's mercy that covers the world and
Did so much favors and kindness in our time.

You are the essence of
Hundreds of commendations.
You are the excitements of a hundred tumults.
You have seen the source of musk
Become a fermenting, foaming wine jar.

Anyone who tries to leave you,
Goes nowhere,
Because you tied them from their necks
By the necklace.

Get up, O heart, call people for morning wine,
Even that you left from last night.
Out of yourself,
You are fallen down, headless and feetless,
Even with that, call them.

Your image wants to be a cupbearer
Every dawn.
You are the enemy of mind and ability,
Instigator of naive people.

You are a cupbearer like spring,
Immortal like heaven,
Healthy and strong like kebab,⁹⁸
Joyful and exuberant like wine.

Get up, O heart,
Push and pull, but go to that
Invisible wine drinking.
You are on foot now,
But love will put you on top of a horse.

The world is looking at you,
Particle by particle.
You are the essence of water
As well as fire.
You are peer and friend of the man
As well as the woman.

But if you stay in this body which
Resembles a mantle,
If you don't take it out from your head,
You are bound to this mantle.
You are only a person sitting at a
Prayer rug.

Either drink the wine of the silent ones,
Stay out of gossip,
Or be a talking animal

And stay that way.

O cupbearer,
Be kind. Hold the hand of the drunk.
Take him to your assembly.
You are the sultan of Main Street.

122.

Verse 1327



my Beauty,
Your sad player kept singing
A sad song to our hearts.
Your story spreads to our head and to our souls.

When your beautiful image appears
From the land of Absence,
The flame rose from love's fire
To the sky.

When Venus of love reflects on earth and water,
Our neck becomes harp,
Our chest turns into Kanun.⁹⁹

How could a lame gazelle
Be able to escape from a hungry lion?
How could the quail of body
Escape from the falcon of soul?

O rose, O spring of soul,
O wine, O drunkenness of soul,
He is the Sultan. He is the only one who
Eats and assimilates your being.

The poverty of the poor becomes praise
Because of Your kindness.
Death doesn't have anything to say to
The poor any more.

If your Union doesn't find any excuse,
Your kindness and generosity and mercy are
Beating the drum of Union.

The meals at Your table of Messiah are
To break my Mary's fasting.
I would dip my dry bread tonight
Into the water of Your Euphrates.

Bow of immortality becomes
Bazbug¹⁰⁰ for our arrow.
Ahmed's¹⁰¹ arrow is the praise of Kimaneoguliar.¹⁰²

Everyone is making a bowstring
In order to pull that bow.
Every heart is trying to be
The target for this arrow.

God's pull made a rope from
Your and my sigh of "Ah."
Joseph of soul ascends from the body's well.

Be silent. If your head has the itch of talking,
Patience is a good comb for
That black curly hair.

123.

Verse 1339

You frown again.
Did you choose another friend?
You open the hand of cruelty again.
I wonder, did you give up loyalty?

O my moon-faced,
I couldn't sleep last night
Because of my soaring heart.
You believe in enemies and
Listen to the things they say about me.

O my fiery breath,
You are the witness of my heart.
O my last night, come back.
Tell the truth. Tell, what did you see?

You picked a mirror.
Keep looking at your face.
You are behind the curtain,
But you tore mine.

Where is the mind that
I would stop and ask for help?
Since you came in,
Mind and reason left.

You did so much magic to my form
Which is nothing but a toy.
You stuck so many strange needles,

So many.

Look at the door and roof of the heart.

Your footsteps are there.

Yet, how come last night

You escaped from people's doors and roofs?

When I find someone who has found your trace,

I say, "O thief, where did you find this?

Where did you find that?"

124.

Verse 1347

When the early morning sun
Draws the flag of brightness,
Ruby and agate start begging in the heart of mine.

Either it is hidden from the sky
Or darkness of mine.
Precious stone is always with the sky.

There is always one who
Illuminates the illuminated one.
There is one heavenly body that watches
Everything over the earth.

Idol cannot be made without
The hand and heart of Azer.
How could the idol maker Azer
Not have a God?

Real prophet said, "Human is the gold mine."
Gold is the one that shows the difference
Between mine and the matter.

NOTES

1. The last verse in the Konya version became the first verse of the next poem by mistake. Golpinarli adopted the Istanbul version of the Divan.
2. Kevser: The River of Paradise.
3. Ab-i hayat: The Water of Life.
4. Saka: Water seller.
5. Hızir: An immortal being who offers drinking water of life (Ab-i hayat), reputed to come to the rescue of those in distress.
6. While watching Joseph, women in Egypt accidentally cut their hands instead of peeling oranges.
7. Elest: "Am I not your God?"--Koran
8. Aside: A dish made of rice, meat and okra.
9. Kaside: Ode, eulogy.
10. Muftailun, mefailun, muftailun, mefailun: The meter of this poem.
11. Revelations came from God to the Prophet, started with the order, "Read."
12. Fatiha: First Sura of Koran.
13. The poem is about the return of Shams to Konya, May 8, 1247.
14. Sala: Call for prayer or funeral.
15. Rum: Anatolia.
16. Houris: Beauties in Paradise.
17. Essence: God's knowledge of Himself as an undifferentiated whole. (H.L. Shushud)
18. To show an emerald ring is to make the

dragon harmless (an old belief).

19. Arasat: The world will become flat and square on the Last Day of Judgment. That square is called "Arasat."
20. Umar: Khaliph, 634-644 A.D.
21. Five and six: Five senses, six dimensions.
22. Hrasbek: Turkish word for master.
23. Yakiyn: Certainty.
24. Rubai: Quatrain.
25. Teyemmum: Ritual ablution with sand or earth when there is a lack of water.
26. Rustem: Mythological hero, symbolic of strength.
27. This selection is similar to No. 27. The difference results from different recordings.
28. Akl-i kul: Universal intellect.
29. Kursi: Koran II-255 (Ayed-i Kursi).
30. Kalendar: A dervish belonging to the Qulendoria order.
31. Rebab: Three-stringed violin.
32. Harem pigeon: Hunting is forbidden a certain distance from the Ka'ba.
33. Nimrud: Impious king who is said to have cast Abraham into the flames.
34. Ca'fer: The Prophet's uncle who lost his arms in war. God gave him wings.
35. Azer: Mentioned in the Koran (IV-74). He worshipped idols that he made.
36. Ney: Reed flute.
37. Arafat: A plain, near to Mecca.
38. Sema: Whirling ritual.
39. This poem is similar to the previous one. Probably it is the same poem, recorded

differently.

40. Iraq ney: Special reed flute.
41. Bayazid: Bayazid Bistami, a famous Sufi, died 874 in Baghdad.
42. Akl-i kull: Universal intellect.
43. Zulfikar: Famous sword of Khalif Ali.
44. Koran, LXXX:38-40.
45. Zilkade: Eleventh month of the Islamic calendar.
46. Hejira: 654---1256A.D.
47. Husammeddin Celebi: Confidant of Rumi after Shams.
48. Hosan's father: Random name.
49. Taif: City at Hecaz, famous for leather.
50. Star of Canopus: Star of Suheyl.
51. Hutten-Hitay: Eastern Turkastan, famous for beauties.
52. The emerald ring stops the dragon in mythology.
53. Friend in the cave: Ebu Bekir, Koran IX-40.
54. The last four verses are not in the Konya version of the Divan. They are in the University of Istanbul version of the Divan. Golpinarli
55. Tavaf: Cirumambulation of the Ka'ba.
56. Koran II-24, and after.
57. This verse is in the first university version, not in Konya's Divan.
58. Verses in the Koran.
59. Dehri: One who believes that time is the one who keeps and destroys us. They were mentioned in the Koran, XLV-24.
60. Koran XXVI-2.

61. Nobody is as brave as Ali.
62. Lenger: An old copper dish.
63. Namaz: Ritual of Muslim praying.
64. Uhud: Mountain in Mecca in Saudi Arabia.
65. Amule: Myrobolan tree.
66. Beladur: A stimulant plant.
67. Farz: Religious precept.
68. Sunnet: The Prophet's own habits and practices.
69. This poem is in Arabic.
70. Itikaf: Religious seclusion.
71. Verse in the Koran.
72. Ruku: Bowing down in prayer.
73. Kaamet: To announce the beginning of namaz (Muslim prayer).
74. Imam: Leader in public worship.
75. Koran XX-96.
76. Kubad Sencer: Great Selcuk ruler, d. 1157.
77. Semender: Legendary animal that lives in the fire.
78. Aba: Coarse woolen cloth.
79. Hirka: mantle; Aba-Hirka: symbolizes the title of Sufi masters.
80. Drink: This word is mentioned many places in the Koran, including II:60-187, VII-31, and LII-19.
81. Turk: Indian used here as an allegory to contrast day and night, brightness and darkness.
82. Imam Hassan: Son of Khalif Ali.
83. Tiryak: Antidote for poison; Ahmed-i Tiryak is symbolic for the Prophet.
84. Khan: Mongol king.

85. Amber's quality is also like a magnet,
here used symbolically.
86. An old saying.
87. Koran II-245, LVII-18, LXIV-17, LXXIII-20.
God rewards one who helps the needy.
88. Koran II-27 and other 72 verses.
89. Iraq-Buselik-Hicaz: Tunes of Near Eastern
music.
90. Eyaz: Name of the slave of Gazne's Mahmut,
symbolically used as auspicious.
91. Habesh: Ethiopian--black--night.
92. Rum: From the land of Rum--Anatolia--
white---day.
93. Lanta: Musical instrument.
94. Ferhad: Persian mythological hero, he
opened a canal and brought water to the
other side of the mountain for his beloved.
95. Zeyd--Amr: Fictitious names for legal
treatises--names of plaintiff and defendant.
96. Cend: Town or country, unable to identify.
97. Mehdi: According to Shia, lost imam
expected to return to purify Islam--Muslim
messiah.
98. Kebab: Roasted meat.
99. Kanun: Zither-like instrument with seventy-
two strings.
100. Bazbug: Chief commander.
101. Ahmed: Prophet Muhammad.
102. Unable to identify.